JOHN BULL
2½D
VOL. LXX
1840

WOMEN AND CHILDREN FIRST
By The Editor

VOICE OF THE TROOPS
Special

HITLER CAN'T SCARE

FIREBOMB FRITZ will come again— Are you ready to put him out?

YES! Britain's Fire Guard—we men and women of Britain—are resolved and ready to save our factories, our railways, our food, our homes. Fire Guard work is often dull, sometimes dangerous, but it's a job that's got to be done. Our heart and soul is in it. We train and we practise. We know our sectors like the backs of our hands—every corner, every roof top. We watch. We climb ladders, work pumps, wield sandbags. We will shatter Firebomb Fritz and all the Nazi horrors he stands for.

FIRE GUARD TIPS No. 1.

Firebomb that fall in the street are usually harmless unless they are close to something inflammable, like a motor vehicle. Look for bombs on buildings first.

BRITAIN SHALL NOT BURN!

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF HOME SECURITY

PLEASE KEEP MILK CHOCOLATE for the children

MILK is so good for the youngsters—so is chocolate. They get both in delicious Cadburys Milk Chocolate. But—made before milk rationing came in—supplies are very limited. So if you see it on sale, please leave it for the children—or, if you buy any, see that the children have it.

ISSUED BY

Cadburys.

FROM BOURNVILLE—THE FACTORY IN A GARDEN

How many matches per pipe?

If we were all as clever at smoking our pipes as some men are, there would be less tobacco wanted. And so the available supplies of Four Square would go further. If you are not getting the best out of each pipe, if you are constantly relighting it or throwing away a wad of unsmoked 'dottle' you should study the Old Hands hint printed on right.

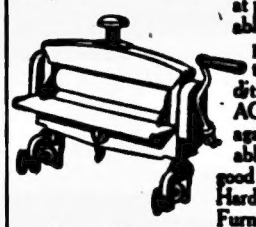
An Old Hand's hint

Keep your tobacco in good condition, not too damp nor too dry. Fill from bottom of pouch, using smallest pieces to top the bowl and packing firmly but not too tight. Draw hard until the tobacco is well alight and then keep your pipe in your mouth and breathe out through the pipe as well as drawing in.

a word of four letters meaning the finest wringer-mangle-cleanser-all in one!

ACME

The makers deeply regret that, owing to wartime conditions, it may be impossible to renew the limited stocks of ACME Wringers at present available. Whenever peace is restored and conditions allow, ACMES will again be obtainable through all good Ironmongery, Hardware and Furnishing Stores.



THE ACME LION

The Greengrocer says...

"No, there's no disappearing trick about onions, Mrs. Brown, and you'll get your share all right. . . . You wish there were more of them? So do I. No, I shan't make my fortune selling those little lots, I can tell you! But there's this about it—it's share and share alike and if we can't grow more we can't have more to share.

Nothing like an onion? You're right, Mrs. Brown. For *flavour* that is. Not for *goodness*. There's plenty of vegetables as *good* as onions. And come to that there's plenty of vegetables just as good as all those foreign grown fruits we used to have . . . Lord Horder said that, did he? Can't say I have the pleasure . . . I see, on the wireless . . . Well, he's only saying what we've known in the trade for donkey's years. Runner beans now, and carrots—they're worth a cartload of tonics and such. And so they were before. I mean before the doctors found out all this about the vitamins in them. Good is good, I say, whatever new-fangled name you give it.

Anice colly, Mrs. Brown? And a cabbage? That's a good heart you've got in your hand. . . . And thank *you*."

Food Facts

NUMBER 58

STOP PRESS

You should find plenty of Runner Beans, Carrots and Beetroots in the shops just now at reasonable prices.

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DOCTORS know that if your Nerves are to keep steady and strong during these trying times; if, in fact, your Nervous System is to be nourished properly, your food must contain greater supplies than ever of the essential Vitamin B . . . and they know that the richest source of this life-giving Vitamin is *pure* 'LIVE' *Yeast*.

PHILLIPS Tonic Yeast is 'LIVE' Yeast in its purest and most concentrated form. One ounce of PHILLIPS contains 17 times more Vitamin B than ¼-lb. Beef Steak—and you get extra nourishment from all your food.

Take PHILLIPS Yeast with your meals; you'll be amazed at the improvement in NERVES and DIGESTION and its WONDERFUL TONIC EFFECTS. It gives LIFE & VITALITY to all.

A DOCTOR writes:
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Double the weight of your crops

½d. per gallon is all it costs when you use the world's greatest Liquid Manure.

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Sold everywhere

LASCO LTD., LIVERPOOL

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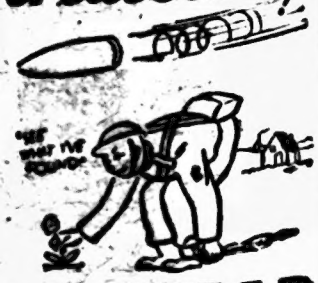


STEAD

RAZOR BLADES

IN THE WEEKLY WALLET

THE BLADES LAST LONGER

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, September 20, 1941.
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true."

FORCE X

● Every Thursday night, Radio Algiers broadcasts family messages to "the crews of Force X in Alexandria."

It is a Force the British people have forgotten.

But it has not been forgotten by Darlan—nor by Hitler.

Remember the "gentleman's agreement" after the downfall of France? It was agreed that the French Eastern Mediterranean Fleet should be disarmed and would remain with skeleton crews in the roads off Alexandria.

Exactly which warships it comprises has never been officially disclosed.

By studying the Radio Algiers broadcasts, JOHN BULL has found that the fleet includes:

Lorraine, a battleship of 22,000 tons, launched in 1913, but reconstructed in 1935, mounting eight 13 in. guns.

Suffren, *Duquesne* and *Tourville*, three fast and modern 10,000-ton cruisers; *Duguay-Trouin*, older and smaller, but equally fast.

These five alone total 60,000 tons and a formidable gun-power.

They provide one of the reasons why arch-traitor Darlan has not surrendered the French Fleet in Toulon to the Axis.

He fears the "gentleman's agreement" would be torn up by the Alexandria crews and that "Force X" would again play a powerful part in the Mediterranean.

But not on the Axis side!

Straight from the Shoulder

THE NEXT MOVE

FOLLOWING President Roosevelt's Shoot-at-Sight order, it is expected that Hitler will show his defiance by a temporary intensification of the U-boat war.

It will be only temporary, because his losses in submarine crews have already been dangerously high.

He will not take stronger measures, because his people would be horror-stricken at full-scale hostilities between Germany and the United States.

Nearly the Limit

What will the President do next? Some people here think his latest action shows his determination to "slide into the war."

They forget that the President is not a dictator. He has now very nearly reached the limit of his authority in foreign affairs.

Congress and the American people are in no mood for further action—just yet.

Half a League

After taking a step forward, he always takes half a step backwards—to convince his people that he is not trying to hustle them along the path they do not wish to tread.

But when he again moves forward, it will be to impose further economic restrictions on them and thus help the production of war materials.

New Chapter

Meanwhile, let us be grateful for his decision to clear the Atlantic lane for British and American war shipping.

It is none the less welcome because we have been awaiting it for eighteen months.

And it marks the beginning of a fresh and highly interesting chapter in the war—the Allies' autumn.

More to Come

Other vital moves are afoot.

They are designed to relieve the pressure on Russia, and, of course, there are big developments in Russia itself.

The position there is perilous but promising.

Threat to Leningrad

Leningrad promises to withstand the greatest siege in history.

"If it is 100 per cent. defended, it will be 100 per cent. destroyed," the Germans assert.

Bluff! They do not want to destroy it; they cannot afford its destruction.

Four Reasons

They want its vast stores. They want it as a winter base. They want its industries to make good their fantastic consumption of munitions.

Above all, they want it quickly—to release forces needed by the hard-pressed Von Bock to withstand Russian attacks in the central sectors.

Counter-Attack

In the Nevel, Rogachev and Zhitomir areas the Germans have made no advance since August 12.

By pushing forward between these areas, the German front has become a zigzag line.

The Russian counter-attacks, as we said last week, are immediately aimed at the fronts thus exposed by the enemy. Their ultimate aim is to stabilise the front for General Winter.

In Reverse

In September, 1939, General Guderian went out at dawn to watch his tanks tear into Poland.

In September, 1941, he saw his tanks tearing back towards Poland, pursued by the heavier Russian monsters.

Be sure that this tank expert is not the only Nazi leader to be shocked by the daring of stern Marshal Timoshenko and the stubbornness of gay and cheery Marshal Voroshilov.

Painful Price

The supreme Fuehrer cannot be satisfied.

He has conquered more territory in Russia in twelve weeks than he gained in all Europe last year.

But it has been the costliest conquest of all time.

Two and a half million of his men have been put out of action.

Eyes South!

Moreover, his attention is drawn to other battlefields.

In a week or two, the cool season will begin in the Middle East. The cool weather will bring hot fighting.

Laden troopships and supply liners of the Axis have been sunk on their way to Libya. No doubt many others have safely arrived.

Due for Attack

People assume that the Axis is therefore about to begin a fresh effort to reach the Suez.

Britain will launch the attack, the Italians presume.

Ample Means

As the Prime Minister has told us, we have built up an army of nearly 750,000 men on the Egyptian frontier—British, Indians, Australians, South Africans and New Zealanders.

We have amassed a large air force. American warplanes are still arriving.

Last week, hundreds of thousands of tons of American shipping were rounding the Cape—bound for Egypt with war supplies.

Fluid Warfare

So all is ready in that dusty theatre of war. Do not call it a front, for the war there is as fluid as elsewhere.

In places, twenty miles of No Man's Land separate the two armies. Our guns move up at night, blaze away throughout next day, and next night move to new positions.

On to Tripoli

If we should launch the offensive—and we mustn't disappoint the Italians—it should not stop this time at Benghazi. We need to control Tripoli.

For Tripoli would give us a jumping-off point for heavier air attack on Southern Italy. It would enable us to influence the counsels of General Weygand in French Morocco.

Three Visitors

No doubt it is to strengthen Libya's defences against such a thrust that new aerodromes are being hurriedly built in Greece and Crete.

But Hitler has also ordered Marshal List, his blitzkrieg chief, and Dr. Todt, his roads expert, to Southern Europe.

And Admiral Raeder, his naval chief, is in Sofia.

Asking Turkey

Consider the admiral first. He has gone to Sofia because Bulgaria has "bought" part of the Italian Fleet and is trying to arrange its transfer to the Black Sea—perhaps for use against Russia, perhaps as defence against Russian attack.

Which means that it would have to pass through the Dardanelles. Turkey is not willing to open them for that purpose.

British Advice

In that connection, it is significant that two British rear-admirals have arrived in Turkey.

They will advise the Turks, it is said, on floating docks and harbour expansion.

Perhaps they will discuss other matters.

Surprise

For if Turkey says No to the Axis, Hitler may seek to get what he wants by force.

That would explain the movements of Marshal List and Dr. Todt.

But Dr. Todt is an expert on fortifications as well as roads. Balkan people assert that the Axis fears a surprise Allied attack on Bulgaria and Rumania.

Northern Fight

That may not yet be probable. It is certain, however, that during the next few months the Middle East and Southern Europe will become zones of fresh interest and high importance.

There may be startling and no less important developments in Northern Europe following the Spitzbergen raid.

Russia Expects

So the battle moves away from Britain—apart from the heavy attacks that must be expected.

To help Russia, the field of actual conflict will be increased.

The same object must be pursued in Britain itself. A large force of fighters has already been sent to our Ally. She needs more—and more supplies of every kind.

(Continued overleaf)

YOU MUST PAY TO BE BOMBED

● It has been said that the Government has no policy to offer much-bombed towns. That is not true.

Certainly the Government has a policy.

It is to bankrupt the heavily bombed towns and let the non-raided towns remain prosperous.

Quite simple, you see.

Coventry is a fair example of how it works.

Traders, professional men and small householders there lost all the results of their life's labours.

Many of them are now suffering acute hardship as well as worry.

The Government says to them, "You must bear the burden of the huge debt your town has piled up by necessary war expenditure. Thus you will help Harrogate and Bath and Bournemouth to remain prosperous."

How much they will have to pay in additional rates has yet to be decided. Perhaps it will be 5s. in the £.

A pretty prospect—for the "safe" towns.

But JOHN BULL thinks those towns should—and would be willing to—help the cities whose rates have been blown skyhigh by bombs.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

WE'RE doing well, the Prime Minister says, but we must make "the utmost exertion" to fill the gaps in our war production.

Quite so. But a lot of people aren't allowed to make the utmost exertion.

One man who came out of retirement to enter a Royal Ordnance Factory tells us of machines lying idle night and day.

And the Russian dead pile up.

Paid to Sleep

He tells us of the night shift going to sleep. Why? No work—and no foreman on duty they could ask for work.

On August 19, one young turner was urgently transferred to another factory. But he wasn't found a job there until September 1.

And the Russian dead pile up.

Going Slow

In another ordnance factory women could not get their tools to start the job. They walked out in disgust.

Next morning they explained why they had done so. And the management explained why they had not been given their tools—*the work had been proceeding too quickly.*

And the Russian dead pile up.

Vital Work

Until six weeks ago a man was a skilled panel beater in an aircraft factory. His call-up papers arrived.

His firm, trade union and the Ministry of Aircraft Production tried in vain to get them cancelled. Now he's scrubbing barrack floors.

And the Russian dead pile up.

Snobbery

A woman charge-hand—she lost the use of an arm years ago when she gave her blood to save a man's life—was asked to train as an inspector at a new munitions factory.

She agreed and was sent to the factory.

There she was turned down because she had not had a secondary school education.

And the Russian dead pile up.

City on Strike

Big investors in the City are on strike.

They dislike the 3 per cent. Savings Bonds, which don't mature till 1955. The "big men" want to have their money available after the war for more profitable enterprises.

So they are urging the Chancellor to issue a short-term loan. Meanwhile, they are not investing.

And the Russian dead still pile up!

The Week's Worst

Let us deal gently with the Northern Ireland magistrate who thinks it "perfectly scandalous" that in "a serious war" Air Force officers and N.C.O.s should be allowed to own private cars.

Let us merely point out that they have at least as much right to enjoy their little leisure as civilians — even magistrates.

Doing His Bit

Anyhow, we haven't noticed that all magistrates are anxious to make the war wheels run smoothly.

Soldier on leave found that villagers couldn't get to town to draw their weekly rations. The local bus owner had no drivers.

So he took the bus back and forth himself all day.

Then he was taken to court and fined because his civilian driving licence had expired.

Now He's Happy

Do you remember the "Voice of the People" letter from a young man who, having lost the use of his right arm, couldn't find work even in wartime?

Owing to that letter, he has been given a temporary job. He is pleased and so is JOHN BULL.

Their Good Deed

We are also pleased to have received £4, raised by the staff of the International Stores at Hoddesdon, for "our boys who have been blinded in the war."

St. Dunstan's will know what to do with that kindly gift.

Harvest Time

Prayers of thanksgiving will be said at harvest festivals this Sunday.

We should also spare thanks for the farm workers who have toiled from dawn till after dark. And perhaps the best expression of thanks would be to give them the £2-a-week wage for which they are asking.

Going Up!

It would also be well if the Government announced its winter milk policy without delay. Is it true, for example, that the price of milk will be raised to 11d. a quart?

It should be decided now to keep the price stable by subsidy and by economies in distribution, rather than to allow any possible shortage to be exploited.

Disobeyed

Young artisans are now to be conscripted. Yet fighting-fit soldiers are still serving as pay clerks, engineers as waiters in officers' messes.

The Army Council has ordered them to be weeded out. But many commanding officers wink at the order.

Cannot the Army Council see that its counsels are heeded?

This Wicked Muddle

We do not ask, we *demand*, that the Army Council should at last order an overhaul of pay offices. For their appalling blundering is growing worse.

One private soldier is said to be £72 in debt—yes, £72—because his wife had been given too much allowance. So, his own pay cut down to 6d. a day, he cannot raise the fare home when he's given leave.

They Changed Their Mind

Another soldier's wife, who has three children, wrote to the paymaster to ask if she was being overpaid. He said, No.

But now she's told she has received ten guineas too much, so her allowance has been cut to make up that sum—and she won't be able to make ends meet.

Living on Air

Another woman, giving up her old pay book, could not get a new one. She has had no pay for a month.

One man was called up on July 17. His wife hasn't yet received a penny.

JOHN BULL says bluntly that there'll be trouble if such hardships are allowed to continue.

Keeping Time

The Ministry of Labour is crying out for manpower. But London Transport can spare many youngish men to stand in the street all day to see that a bus isn't a minute ahead of schedule.

Surely they would be more usefully employed in seeing that provincial buses do not arrive at munition factories an hour late.

Flummery

Again, some of Mr. Herbert Morrison's armchair Blimps have time to design new stars and stripes, badges and bands for Civil Defence workers.

They might be worth their armchairs if they saw that all A.R.P. personnel had steel helmets and respirators.

Rebuked

However, one Home Security official has done a nice job in overruling the local council of Epsom and Ewell.

The Government ordered free holiday travel vouchers for Civil Defence workers in bombed areas. The council rejected the concession, describing it as "a gross waste of public money."

Epsom is a fairly rich district. Perhaps the councillors are also well off.

Commandeered

We're sorry for a man who, wanting to Dig for Victory, obtained permission to cultivate the gardens of a house that had been empty for ten years, and made a good job of it.

The house has been taken over by the Army, as an officers' mess, and he has been ordered to give up the gardens.

His vegetables are wanted for the officers' mess.

The Reason

Dismayed farmers somewhere in England are gazing with envy on monster onions that beat anything they have seen—and all grown by soldiers.

They needn't feel too hurt about it.

This district is the headquarters of the Royal Netherlands Army!

Dirty Work

Some farmers are using an old trick to beat the Government's price control.

A London greengrocer who recently bought a hundredweight of potatoes found he was paying for fourteen pounds of earth.

This is Mean Too

Great arms factory decided that its office workers were drawing too much overtime. So it persuaded them to join the staff and thus receive no payment for overtime but paid sick leave.

This done, it now decrees that wages during illness can be paid only to those who have been with the firm for one year.

As it's a new factory, very few workers have been with the firm for that time.

What a way to keep them contented and thereby keep up production!

Cheap and Nasty

Another ruse has been invented by a rector who apparently knows that many parsons have been bombed out and are looking for a living.

He offers living quarters but no income to a parson and his wife in exchange for parish work, which will save him the cost of a curate.

Sweating with a vengeance!

Behind the News

● **Last leak in the blockade is Axis air link between Italy and South America. Nazis with huge fortunes in Brazil, Chile, Argentina are buying up industrial diamonds, other precious tools, and sending them to Germany via Italy.**

● *But those Axis air services in South America may soon find themselves in jeopardy. They may be shut down if they cannot prove their innocence in latest intrigues, and they are running short of spare parts—owing to our blockade!*

● **Most fateful conference of the war took place at Hitler's headquarters between Hitler and his friend Wiedemann, formerly Consul at San Francisco. Hitler took vital decision when to provoke war with U.S.A.**

● **Wiedemann asked Hitler for Ribbentrop's job. Ribbentrop made last effort to maintain his position, persuaded Hitler to send Wiedemann away to new post as Nazi Consul in Tientsin.**

● *Almost every big town in occupied territory now has its secret newspaper. Worried Nazis offer big rewards for discovery of organizers. But not one has been betrayed.*

● **Latest tactic of "V" fighters is to lay false clues by which whole sections of the Gestapo are sent on wild-goose chases across Europe. Himmler rages at these expensive hunts but dare not stop them.**

● **After two years of failure to bring Poland to heel, Hitler finds 1,000,000 fighting Poles ranged against him in various Allied armies, sworn to give their lives if necessary to avenge their country and bring him to justice.**

● *Since wholesale desertion of Slovak troops to Russia, Nazis have had to change their terror policy to one of conciliation throughout Bohemia. But to no avail. Sabotage is growing.*

● **First signs of pestilence have shown themselves in south-east Europe. Lack of doctors and sanitation experts in Rumanian armies is the reason, and Germany is unable to make up the shortage.**

● **Extremely heavy Rumanian casualties near Odessa have increased the spread of this horror. Because also of the Nazi fear of provoking revolt in Rumania, dead and wounded are not being removed, though the Russians have offered to cease fire till this is done.**

● *While Spanish Falangists toe Hitler's line, Madrid insurance companies have inserted new clauses into all policies declaring agreements null and void if Spain goes to war against Britain.*

Without Fear or Favour

By the Editor

WOMEN and CHILDREN FIRST

CAN this country afford to neglect the families of Service men? We put the question in this form because so many people are deaf to any more "human" appeal.

It will cost many millions to place these families beyond the reach of want and cruel anxiety, but JOHN BULL maintains that, no matter how much it costs, it must be done.

The nation is already spending twelve and a half millions a day in its effort to win the war, and were it not for the Service men these millions might just as well be poured down the drain.

Our victory depends upon their efforts. If they fail us, we fail; our security is lost, our freedom vanishes and our precious money becomes worthless.

It is true that under conscription all men are, so far, equal. They must obey orders and take what they are given. But it is no less true that worry, anxiety and a smarting sense of injustice impair the efficiency of any worker in or out of uniform.

There are, nevertheless, scores of thousands of married soldiers, sailors and airmen suffering mental strain of this kind because their wives and children are living in extreme poverty.

JOHN BULL, *therefore, calls upon Parliament to end an injustice which the country cannot, in fact, afford to tolerate any longer.*

Something has been done to meet the needs of junior officers. Following a strong, but belated, Press campaign, the Navy, the Army and the Air Force have decided to increase the niggardly scale of family allowances.

We were among the first to press for this reform, and we welcome the present concessions because half a loaf is better than no bread.

Furthermore, we heartily approve their underlying principle; namely, that the increased allowances are not to be based upon rank, but on the size of the officer's family.

For women and children must come first. This is a profound economic truth which no British Government has squarely faced hitherto, though it will have to be faced for civilians, as well as Service men, in the brave new world we mean to build after the war is over.

Meanwhile, we are reminded of the old song: "Officers wives have pudden' and pies; soldiers' wives have skilly." There must be no differentiation of that sort to-day, and consequently Parliament should lose no time in extending to other ranks the concessions already announced for commissioned men.

BEFORE going further, let us face the fact that officers and men—and most civilians too—must expect to make sacrifices while the war lasts. That is the remorseless logic of the times we live in.

For this reason JOHN BULL *cannot give its unqualified support to the demands recently put forward by the Trades Union Congress.*

The T.U.C. urges that the ranker's pay should be raised to 3s. a day; that his wife's allowance should be increased to 28s. a week, and that the Government grant for each child should be 8s. 6d. a week.

In one sense, of course, we should be delighted to hear that every "Tommy" was to get an additional "bob a day," but we doubt whether the average man needs this increase, or whether the country ought to afford it.

We go all the way with the T.U.C., however, in its basic demand for a guaranteed two-pounds-a-week minimum for the wives of Service men, plus a flat rate allowance for each and every child. To this minimum, of course, the men would be expected to contribute 7s. a week as they now do.

Frankly, what good would it do to married men were they to receive an extra shilling a day, merely to hand it on to their families?

And why should the unmarried men, many of whom have more spending money than they ever had before, be encouraged to further expenditure at a time when the whole community is being implored to spend as little as possible?

The French Republic paid its serving men a mere pittance because, it was contended, they had everything found and did not actually need much pocket money. But this hard logic was not all one-sided, for the "poilu's" family was carefully looked after according to its needs.

In fact, the State took over responsibility for the soldier's rent and certain other standing charges. It worked on the assumption that all women and children need much the same allowance for food and clothing, and it saw that they got it.

Our Government has never assumed direct responsibility for the married soldier's rent and other standing charges which he cannot escape. Perhaps it would have been wise to do so from the start.

At all events, the only way to secure both justice and economy in this matter is to work on the basis of a needs test rather than a means test.

How to pay the rent is the chief worry of thousands upon thousands of women whose husbands are with the Forces. For rents vary enormously in different districts. In certain rural areas they may be as low as three or four shillings a week, and in London and other great cities they may be as high as 24s. without even being "unreasonable."

No fixed scale of allowances can ever make up for these startling differences of personal need. Under the present planless and wasteful system, thousands of unhappy wives and mothers have to apply for hardship money.

They are little better off than the unemployed used to be under the infamous Means Test. Their husbands are shamed and distressed to think of their weekly visits to the Public Assistance officer.

We do not accuse these officials of wilful heartlessness, but it is their business to whittle down allowances as far as possible.

LISTEN to Captain Poole, Labour M.P. for Lichfield, in the Commons the other day: "For the sake of the cause for which we are fighting, for the sake of the good name of this country, for the sake of the wives and children of men who are serving, I urge this House to compel the Government to give justice to the dependents of the fighting men."

Does that stir you as it stirs us?

The remedy is simple. Hardship grants, both for officers and men, should not be limited to any fixed sum. They should not be looked upon as charity. All ranks should be advised to apply for them as of right, and the authorities empowered to grant them immediately the need is established.

There would have to be a personal needs test. That is essential to save the community from the occasional rogues and swindlers who are to be found in every walk of society.

But the women and children would be put first at last, and are we not fighting this war mainly to secure their safety and their happiness?

Don't Forget What This Man Is

WILLI FRISCHAUER, Austrian newspaper man, who escaped from Nazi tyranny, refreshes your memories about the upstarts who posture as leaders of Germany. He begins his new series by stripping the Masquerader-in-Chief

HITLER is a nobody.

It's time we put him back in his proper perspective, because we have already forgotten that the military clique hired him to carry out their plans. He's still their lackey—curious though that may seem in the incessant din of "Hitler this . . . Hitler that."

That is why it infuriates me to hear intelligent people argue that, after all, Hitler abolished unemployment in Germany, built magnificent roads, united the nation and created a terrific war machine.

Bunkum!

He had hardly any part in the intrigue that manœuvred him into power. That was all done by the generals and industrialists.

They groomed him for the job, even taught him how to use a knife and fork.

It is true Hitler was a good orator, but the same clique provided him with text-books to learn the political arguments with which to harangue the crowds.

They paid for the free beer which drew so many listeners to his meetings, paid him a weekly salary.

It was their organisation that "united" the German people by creating the Gestapo and S.S. Black Guards to clamp down on every dissident from the Nazi-militaristic creed.

Unemployment was abolished by going to war because Germany was at war from the moment Hitler was made Chancellor.

But did Hitler build up the "terrific war machine"? Nothing of the sort.

It was created by the Reichswehr generals. Hitler and his gang provided nothing but a ruthless guard for the chain-gang into which the German people were turned.

As the war develops the fact that the generals are the real bosses becomes more and more apparent.

Behind the imposing pictures of Hitler poring over large maps with generals around him, the man, as I first saw him, comes back vividly to my mind's eye.

He had come to Munich to collect his pay-packet from the men who had hired him to preach militarism and instil the idea of war into the minds of the people.

I saw a diffident, shifty little man, his hands running nervously in and out of the pockets of his shabby raincoat. His slosh hat was too small for his head, which he was turning from side to side.

When he saw someone's eyes fixed on him he suddenly pulled himself together, tried to stand still and look dignified!

Maybe he became something rather more spectacular than the generals and industrialists actually intended, but that didn't worry them.

His pose, his tantrums, his sickening ego, didn't matter. Among themselves they will never regard him as anything more than the shifty little political hack they hired.

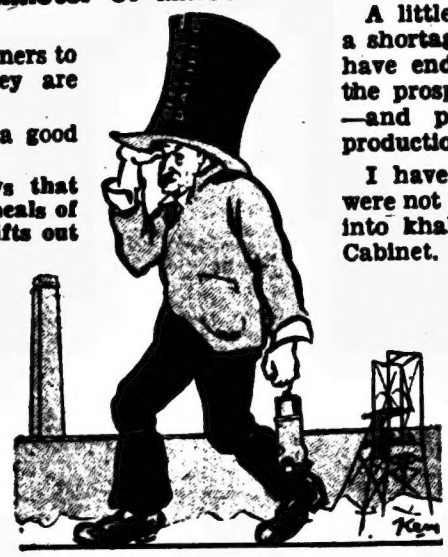
And, apart from their opinion, it is the true Hitler.

The legend of his genius as a great strategist, a cunning diplomatist, and so on, will be shown to be the biggest myth in all history.

Stripped of the veneer which has so long covered his every move, he will be a sorry specimen—just a nobody.

OPEN LETTERS

Mr. D. R. GRENFELL, M.P., Minister of Mines



DEAR SIR,—You can't expect miners to produce more coal if they are underfed.

As an ex-miner yourself—and a good one—you should know that.

But a South Wales leader says that men in his district were taking meals of dry bread to the pits for five shifts out of six last week.

That's typical, judging by the cases I have published.

Seven weeks ago funds were promised for pithead canteens. Miners and mineowners alike are "shortly" to hear something about the scheme.

What on earth has held it up? Why did you not insist that it should be carried out immediately?

Frankly, Mr. Grenfell, the whole public is incensed at the gigantic coal muddle.

A little foresight would have prevented a shortage. A little commonsense would have ended it. Instead, we are faced with the prospect of empty hearths this winter—and perhaps a hold-up in munition production.

I have already made it clear that you were not to blame for clapping young miners into khaki. You were hamstrung by the Cabinet.

It may be that your hands have also been fettered in the matter of canteens for pit-workers.

If so you have a remedy. There is always a remedy for Ministers who feel they are prevented from doing their duty.

Threaten to resign!—JOHN BULL.

Mr. J. H. POTTS, President, N.U.R.

DEAR MR. POTTS,—Next Saturday's great conference of trade unionists, over which you will preside, should find it easy to answer the question: "What is holding up production?"

But let me suggest how the flow of munitions could be made smoother.

State control of inefficient managements. Better transport for workers and materials. Less overtime, but improved facilities for meals at work. More use of local labour, and fewer transfers to remote districts.

You'll agree that all these can and *must* be secured if we are to beat Hitler.—JOHN BULL.

Commander A. N. C. FIREBRACE, Chief of Fire Staff

DEAR SIR,—It was said that officers in the new National Fire Service would be chosen from firemen with actual experience of fire fighting in air raids.

Yet I hear from several towns that local business men who have never seen a war fire—one was not even in the A.F.S.—have been given the posts.

Why?—JOHN BULL.

Lt.-Col. C. R. SATTERTHWAITE, Royal National Lifeboat Institution

DEAR COLONEL,—Crew of a Welsh lifeboat turned out when they heard that an aeroplane had crashed into the sea. But a coastguard, it is alleged, ordered them to stand by.

They were allowed to put out to sea an hour later. But it was too late, and twelve lives were lost.

I am told that this is not the first episode of the kind. Is the gallant work of your men being obstructed?—JOHN BULL.

Lord REITH, Minister of Works and Buildings

MY LORD,—I'm glad a Whitehall armchair doesn't induce you to "sit pretty." Only a few days after British architects recommended a National Survey, you have ordered it to be carried out.

That is the first essential to a rebuilding of Britain, with an end of the slums and the creation of healthy new towns.

Your next step, I trust, will be a Central Planning Committee to co-ordinate all local plans and prevent jerry-building.—JOHN BULL.

The MANAGER, Nottingham Employment Exchange

DEAR SIR,—A single woman tells me she has been seeking munitions work for eighteen months. This is by no means the only complaint of interminable delay and unemployment I have received from your city.

Yet Cabinet Ministers have stated that work is available for every woman in the land.

Perhaps you can explain the difference between theory and practice.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. KENNETH CRUBB, Ministry of Information

DEAR SIR,—It's strange the newspapers have overlooked your "success story." Your name is not even in "Who's Who."

A quarter of a century ago you were a grocer's boy at 5s. 6d. a week. At eighteen you went to South America and worked like a fiend to improve your income. It increased so well that you became a newspaper magnate.

In this war you started the South American Division in the Ministry of Information. And you made it "go."

When the Treasury refused money for its schemes, you dipped into your own pocket.

Now, at the age of forty-one, you are in charge of all British propaganda overseas—the right man in the right job!

Britain's war effort needs more like you.—JOHN BULL.

Lord BEAVERBROOK, Ministry of Supply

MY LORD,—Foremen of munition factories could get on well with civilian inspectors—who knew their job.

Now they are badgered by Army officer inspectors who, it is said, most emphatically do not know their job.

They arrive in big cars to ask inane questions.

The question that bothers me is why, if they are in uniform, they are not doing Army work.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir JOHN ANDERSON, M.P., Lord President of the Council

DEAR SIR,—Though almost forgotten by the public, you are still busy as the Cabinet's "grand co-ordinator." You would do a useful war service if you thought of a plan to co-ordinate war science.

Often, say the Association of Scientific Workers, work is held up in one factory while its technical staff overcomes difficulties already surmounted by other firms.

What a waste of time, effort and labour!—JOHN BULL.

CHIEF OFFICER, Birmingham A.R.P.

DEAR SIR,—A mistake was surely made when a woman who wanted a Mickey Mouse respirator for her child was asked a fee of 3s. 9d.

But I'm puzzled how the mistake could have occurred. Does one of your officials think the State would care to profit by the safeguarding of babies against air attacks? If so, he should be disillusioned.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. NORMAN WEISZ, Hatton Garden Jeweller

SIR,—More interested in your profits than in helping Britain to win the war?

In the first half of this year your quota allowed you to sell jewellery worth £260. Actually your sales amounted to £10,302.

The Clerkenwell magistrate let you off with a fine of £100. I shouldn't; I feel strongly that magistrates should seek to take all the profit out of law-breaking.—JOHN BULL.

The CHAIRMAN, Midhurst Petty Sessions

YOUR WORSHIP,—A soldier from a bomb disposal squad appeared before you for riding a cycle without lights late at night.

He deserved punishment, of course. But you fined him £4.

As he allows 7s. a week to his mother, this means he will have no pay for nearly three months.

Maybe it didn't occur to you. But it should have done.—JOHN BULL.

Lt.-Gen. Sir RONALD ADAM, Adjutant-General

DEAR GENERAL,—This minor point is well worth your attention, I feel.

Soldiers in outlying districts have to pay their own fare when ordered to visit a dentist or eye specialist. One man has spent 5s. in a week's visit to the dentist, and soldiers can't afford such sums.

Remind commanding officers of their powers in such matters.—JOHN BULL.

ARGUE IT OUT — By PALLAS

We're All in the Money War

SIR KINGSLEY WOOD, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, announcing the new income tax rate of 10s. in the £, made general cuts in allowances, and many people realised vaguely that this autumn they were in for an economic jolt.

The jolt has already come to many workers in the form of statements showing what sums will be deducted weekly at source when the new rates operate.

I had the good fortune to be present in one office when the cashier's reminders arrived.

One man looked in silence at the slip of paper. "Absurd," he said. "It's impossible."

"Why absurd?" someone asked. "You knew surely what you'd have to pay. Didn't you trouble to work it out?"

"Well," was the reply, "I knew I'd have more to pay—but this is a blow."

A second man, after one startled glance at his statement, set hurriedly to work with pencil and paper. He made a list of essential charges—rent, rates, gas, coal, electricity, housekeeping, travelling expenses, and one or two other items—and then announced with an air of bitter tragedy that he would be left about fourpence a week to live on.

★ ★ ★

The shocks multiplied themselves. And man after man debated just how he was going to weather the storm.

They'll weather it, of course. But some will do it better than others.

Some men when the budget was introduced by the Chancellor began immediately to put their financial houses in order.

A friend of mine who is an authority on taxation, realised more fully than most of us the effect of the new tax. He promptly began an economy drive, gave up his telephone, laid up his car and cut his personal expenses.

He was wise. For he regarded the interval between the introduction of the Budget and the introduction of the tax as a breathing space during which wise men could adjust their lives to the new economic order.

Many of us have not been so wise. We have carried on in the same mode of living, ignoring the financial wrath to come and believing that somehow we shall muddle through.

★ ★ ★

Some families, especially those who have been living up to the hilt of their incomes, will not muddle through. The months to come will prove the folly of setting social standards beyond the limits of one's income.

So many men have in the past allowed themselves no economic margin. They have put up brave shows; they have stinted themselves in some things in order to present to their neighbours false airs of prosperity.

The new taxation will kill all that. And rightly so. For the families that like to "swank," and impress others will be up against something for which they were unable to make contingencies.

There will be less to spend on clothes. Many, still lucky employers of maids, will have to do without maids, thus releasing valuable woman power for vital war production.

The spending power of the nation will be decreased enormously. Men will have to cut down their drink expenses, their smokes, their clubs, their golf. The selfish will take the rap: and the "swankers" will be thrown out of their sham, hypocritical world.

It may be "absurd" to those who won't face up to realities. But it's a total war—and here is a real, practical interpretation of that total effort.

Continuing his thrilling true-life sagas of the sea, our contributor pays high tribute to a detachment of brave U.S. nurses

By COMMODORE G. PURSSEY PHILLIPS

Girls Hitler Can't Scare

I HAVE sailed in war time convoy many a dozen times, and been Commodore-ship of a big convoy more than once, but still the sight of a convoy never fails to move me.

It is to a seaman like a poem of British sea power.

Steaming steadily in several lines ahead, covering perhaps several square miles of sea, with the lean grey warships fussing like hungry wolves round the outside, they come across the oceans of the world, resistless, stubborn, the thing above all others that will, in the end, break Hitler's dream of world conquest.

In such a convoy, over the wild Atlantic in storm, came the Dutch ship *Maasdam*.

She carried an important cargo, and some passengers, to whom every sailor's heart went out.

They say every nice girl loves a sailor. Certainly there were hundreds of sailors in that convoy who would gladly have taken all the risks of torpedoing to save any discomfort to a batch of nice girls aboard the *Maasdam*.

Nice girls of the Harvard Ambulance Unit—Yankee girls brought up to look upon all men as pets to fetch and carry for them and be rewarded with a smile, but girls who had left the comforts of peaceful homes in the United States to come and do what they could as nurses for our wounded in the struggle that is *their* struggle, too—for Freedom.

Very pleasant they looked in their neat, dark-blue uniforms and soft hats.

Some of them were well-known Society girls over on the other side; some had abandoned professions to come and help us; some were engaged, and had had to postpone marriage for our sakes.

Found It Tedious?

It was an experience for them to travel in that great convoy. Perhaps some of them even found it tedious, after the first day or two.

Nothing seemed to happen. The warships saw to that!

When visibility was bad there was some excitement, because from the deck you could not see the ship in front or the one behind, and no lights showed.

Lifeboats were swung out ready to be lowered; gunners waited always ready beside small protective guns; the concrete-walled bridge and the dull paint made this queer Atlantic crossing very unlike the pleasure-trip it used to be in the glaring sailing hotels of pre-war days.

Some people have a taste for the new conditions, though. The radio operator aboard was an American seaman who had thrown up £18 a month in safe waters over there for £15 a month on the dangerous Atlantic trail. Some men are like that.

Those seventeen Yankee nurses—Shirley Ralph of Long Island, and Lilian Evans of Cambridge, Mass., and Ruth Martin of Washington, and the rest—had to sleep in cramped quarters, and they had to put up with war discomforts.

They watched the other ships riding at fixed stations, watched the whole convoy simultaneously change direction at orders, watched the lamp and flag signalling (there is always radio silence in a convoy) and the occasional creaming rush of a destroyer alongside, with a message scrawled on a blackboard, to which the *Maasdam* would have made similar reply.

Everything was so ordered, so stolid and matter-of-fact, that none of the American girls expected an adventure on the trip. It all seemed too quiet for words.

And then, without the slightest warning, the 9,000-ton *Maasdam* staggered and shuddered, there was a deafening and shattering explosion, and she had been torpedoed.

Instantly, before the reverberations of that frightful noise had died away, the ship's siren screamed out, like the voice of some stricken sea-monster, warning that she had been hit.

Courage—and Humour

At that sound every other ship in the convoy turned its bows away from the direction of attack; and the lean, grey warships came like steam-ploughs tearing through the sea, to tackle the under-sea raider which had dared to challenge the Freedom of the Seas.

Aboard the *Maasdam*, wallowing over and in instant peril of plunging stern-first beneath the Atlantic rollers, there was discipline, courage, even humour. The boats were filling . . . being lowered away.

The American girls were crammed into them first of all, whether they liked it or not; for such a time is not one when sailors can stand on ceremony.

But some of the boats had been smashed in the explosion, and the angle of the ship prevented others from being got away. There was not time to wait.

Ruth Martin was flung on to the floor of her cabin when the torpedo struck the ship. She got up, grabbed her life-belt and put it on, and turned to run from the cabin. Then, true woman, she went back for her vanity-bag—got it—and raced on deck to the boat to which she was assigned.

Pitched into the Sea

There was no confusion. She took her place, the boat was filled and lowered away, it backed off the wreck, and headed towards another ship of the convoy.

The warships were doing something far away—bolting about like cats round a rat-hole, Ruth said. There were huge foaming explosions 'way over there, very bad for someone.

Lilian Evans and Shirley Ralph also got places in a boat. Their boat reached the water, but it had been damaged in the explosion, and now it turned turtle, pitching them all into the climbing green rollers of the mid-Atlantic.

"Anyone who can swim—make for the—nearest ship!" yelled the officer who had been in charge of the boat.

The waves dragged him this way and that and splashed over his mouth, but, swimming for life though he was, he still had his job to do The passengers were still his responsibility.

"Anyone who can't—swim better get hold—of the boat!" he shouted, not trying to take hold himself.

The boat was washing along upturned, and she would not support them all; they must leave her for the non-swimmers.

Three of the nurses fearlessly swam away from the boat Their lifebelts held them up, but those terrific seas battered at them like pile-drivers.

One lagged behind the rest. She was obviously no swimmer; she may have been able to go the length of a warmed swimming bath in some American city, but this was a different proposition.

None the less, she took her life in her hands so as to leave room on the upturned boat for those weaker than she. That's the sort of girl they breed out West, where she came from!

An Englishman, a passenger whose name I do not know, though I would like to shake hands with him, turned and swam swiftly to the side of the exhausted nurse.

He got an arm under the girl and held her up. With fine courage she lay quite still in the big waves, helping him.

They rode it out together, fighting the Atlantic's power, for twenty minutes, till both were picked up.

Lilian Evans was one of the nurses who abandoned the upturned boat and decided to face the sea all alone till she could be rescued.

For over an hour she swam to and fro, while the rescue ships combed the ocean for survivors. Then her dark head was seen bobbing in the water, and they threw her a lifeline.

She was too exhausted by that time even to grip it!

So she floated round and round till they could lower away a boat.

Their first inquiry was: What had happened to the submarine? Seamen jerked their thumbs grimly towards the warships, now back at their convoy stations again.

The big depth-charges had gone down—those charges which can be heard under water for a hundred miles.

Presently a blunt steely head broke the water, and a submarine reared itself silently half its length out of the sea, and slid back again with a frightful wallowing gurgle vertically downwards, and vanished.

Swift Vengeance

A number of sailors' caps came floating up and a big pool of iridiscent oil; there were several enormous gulps from vast air-bubbles; and that was all.

But it was enough.

The killer had gone down for the last time—down to the world of waving weeds and blind sea-monsters of the great depths, there to rust for ever beside the broken *Maasdam* on the sea bottom.

The crew of the rescue ships gave the American girls spare sweaters and trousers—far too big for them!—in place of their soaked uniforms, and there was a good deal of merriment when the nurses came on deck, trying not to trip as they walked along.

But when they landed in England they were wearing their workmanlike dark-blue uniforms again, and they were smiling still; and Ruth Martin *still* had her vanity-bag.

Hitler can't beat their sort, or the men who brought them over—not if he keeps on trying for a million years!

Safe in London after the terrifying experience related in this story, the nurses read letters from home. Left to right: Ruth Martin, Shirley Ralph, Lavinia Fulton, and Lilian Evans

HUMAN MACHINE

You're as Good as the Next Man

● Have you ever noticed that whatever you do in this life there seem to be endless possibilities of doing it wrongly?

Yet there is one way of doing anything we tackle absolutely right.

Sounds too good to be true? Well, maybe in one sense there's a catch in it—for it still leaves it up to you. Nevertheless, there is that way.

If you can, you should do it better than anyone has ever done it before—but if that's too much of a tall order, there's nothing except your own laziness or inefficiency to prevent a continual improvement on your previous efforts.

How often do you say, "Well, I never thought of that!" Often, don't you?

And that remark is called forth by something that's been done or said just a little better and a little brighter than it has ever been done or said before.

Well, why not make people say it about what you say and do and think? There's no reason at all why you should be the one to do all the exclaiming. You're as good as the next man.

THE SEA WILL DE

Hitler and his military chiefs, the real bosses, know that. So does clear-thinking President Roosevelt, and his latest challenge means that Hitler must accept vital defeat in the Atlantic or dare America to do her worst

By A. G. GARDINER

IT was the U-boat that brought the United States into the last war. It is the U-boat that will do, if indeed it has not already done, the same in this.

For President Roosevelt's declaration, following on the *Greer* and *Sessa* incidents, is decisive. There is no more room for "hair-splitting." Everything that is done, or not done, is action.

The tension can only be relaxed in one of two ways:

Either the United States must surrender its most sacred doctrine, the freedom of the seas. This it will not do;

Or Hitler must accept defeat in the most critical theatre of the war.

That theatre is the sea. Sea-power decided the last war. It was the stranglehold of that power which compelled the Kaiser to yield to Tirpitz and release the unrestricted submarine campaign.

It was the Kaiser's desperate gamble to starve us out even at the risk of bringing in America.

The situation is similar to-day. Hitler has two things he must do if he is to avoid the Kaiser's fate. (1) He must conquer Russia and seize her resources, especially her oil. (2) He must starve this island by cutting our life-line or crush it by invasion.

HIS progress towards the first goal is outside the purpose of this article.

It is enough to say that it has fallen far short of his anticipations. He has not conquered Russia, and he is a long way from the oil-fields of the Caucasus.

What of the second goal? In setting out to destroy British sea-power Hitler had one disadvantage as compared with the Kaiser. He had a very inferior Navy.

But he believed that he had more than compensating advantages. He had Italy in his pocket. He knew that France was going to be betrayed, and that at the worst her fleet would be immobilised. He reckoned that the whole sea-coast of Europe would fall to him, as it has.

With France out of the way, his ally Italy would dominate the Mediterranean, close the Suez, and give him control in Asia Minor.

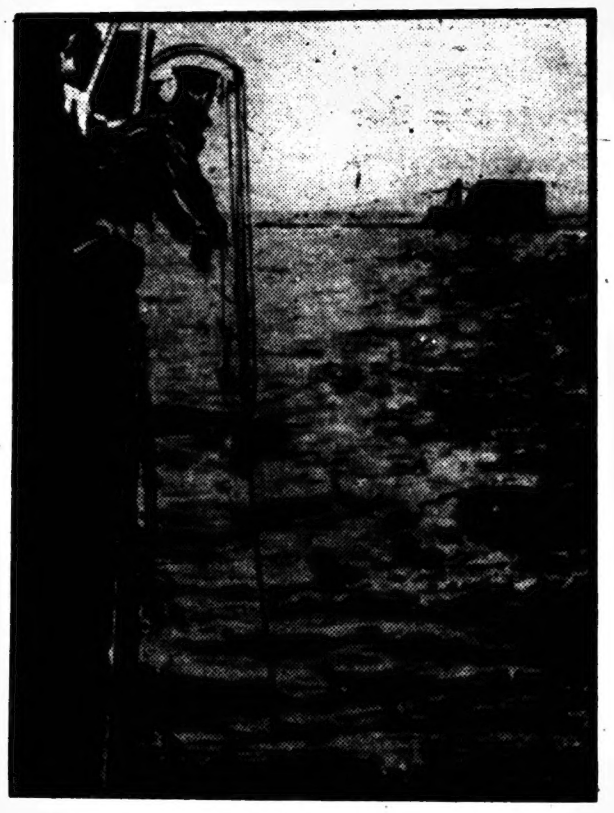
The United States Neutrality Act would keep that country out of the war zone. The neutrality of Eire would leave a yawning gap into the Atlantic without a British base to guard it.

FOR THE REST HE RELIED ON PIRACY ON A SCALE UNPARALLELED IN HISTORY. HE WOULD NOT MEET US IN BATTLE.

He would send out such warships as he had as raiders, to sink at sight anything that came in their path. From his bases in France and French Africa he would launch swarms of submarines to destroy our merchantmen and murder our seamen.

Above all, he calculated that with his enormous superiority in the air he would work such havoc among the British Navy as would reduce it to impotence.

In this way he would neutralise our sea power, lift the blockade, cut off our supplies and starve us into surrender.



"Let there be no vain talk of our having won the Battle of the Atlantic," Mr. Churchill declared the other day. But more and more German sailors are scrambling to safety from their sinking U-boats

NEITHER LAW NOR HUMANITY WAS TO BE RESPECTED. FLOATING MINES WERE TO THREATEN BELLIGERENT AND NEUTRAL ALIKE.

There was to be only one exception. America was not to be antagonised. Outside the war zone the United States flag must be respected.

Inside the war zone that flag was forbidden by the Neutrality Act to go. For the rest the more neutral ships that were sunk in any part of the seas the better.

That was the programme. It has had enormous successes. We started the war with some twenty million tons of shipping, and the Germans claim to have sunk thirteen millions.

That is a wild extravagance, but if we halve the figure the loss is still staggering.

Ships have been sunk by the hundred. Thousands of innocent passengers have been drowned. Hardly a seaman of the merchant service has escaped without some disaster, and multitudes of them have been lost.

The destruction of our military and food supplies is reckoned in millions of tons.

AT the peak of the attack in Spring and early summer the devastation reached a level that, if maintained, would in the course of a year or so have brought us to the brink of ruin.

But that level has not been maintained. We no longer have the weekly or monthly figure. But we know that the sinkings have been halved. Why they have been halved I will explain later.

IT IS ENOUGH HERE TO SAY THAT HITLER HAS NOT WON THE BATTLE OF THE ATLANTIC. IT IS TOO SOON TO SAY THAT HE HAS LOST IT, BUT IT IS NOT TOO SOON TO SAY THAT THE TIDE IS ON THE TURN.

MEANWHILE, in other spheres of the war at sea, we have solid grounds for satisfaction. In the past year our sea-power has relatively increased.

We have recovered from the desertion of France. The Italian navy has been smitten hip and thigh. Our command of the Mediterranean is more unchallenged than it has been since the days of Nelson.

We have sunk Hitler's unsinkable *Bismark*. We have bottled up his most powerful raiders in Brest harbour.

Our bombers nightly raid his dockyards. His pirates and supply ships have been sunk by the dozen. The blockade is more watertight than it has ever been. We hold the seas and have the naval keys of the world, from Gibraltar to Suez and Suez to Singapore in our keeping.

Russia has brought a valuable addition to our naval superiority. And meanwhile our shipyards are building, building, building night and day.

There are grounds for concern, it is true—notably Vichy. We don't know what the treacherous Darlan may do with what is left of the French navy.

But taken in the large our naval outlook is immeasurably better than it was a year ago.

TO return to the Battle of the Atlantic and the causes of the improved outlook in that direction.

It is due in the first place to the dauntless courage of our merchant seamen and the nameless heroes who man our little ships, the trawler, the mine-sweeper, the corvette and the rest.

It is due in some measure also to the increase in our escort vessels and to the greater use of aircraft in co-operation with the Navy.

Finally—and this is the point I wish to emphasise—it is due to the action of the United States in two important directions.

Its patrols of fleet and flying boats have been of enormous service to our fleet in spotting the lurking enemy and to our merchantmen in avoiding danger.

But the greatest service America has done has been in extending her outposts to Iceland and taking over the responsibility for half of the main Atlantic route to this island.

ECIDE

This has enabled us to concentrate our ensive forces nearer our own shores and to e a heavier toll of the U-boats.

Thus, without departing from technical trality, America rendered us aid in the st crucial theatre of the war and rendered ith full consciousness of its implications.

In doing so she asserted her doctrine of freedom of the seas, and struck a deadly w at Hitler's attack on our life-line.

Hitler must counter this blow or suffer itable defeat in the Battle of the Atlantic.

It was to see whether America meant siness or was merely bluffing that he first nk the *Robin Moor*. No decisive action llowed the challenge.

Then Hitler went a step further. His -boat launched its torpedoes at a United tates warship. They were not intended to it. That would have been too provocative at at stage.

They were intended to see if America ould take it lying down.

The sinking of the *Sessa* carried the ques- on a step further.

Now Hitler has got his answer. He is rned that the American Navy will destroy sight his U-boats wherever they are seen the free seas.

HE MUST CHOOSE AND CHOOSE NOW. ITHER HE TAKES THE COUNT AND CCEPTS DEFEAT IN THE BATTLE OF THE TLANTIC, OR HE MUST DO WHAT THE AISER DID IN THE LAST WAR. HE MUST ARE AMERICA TO DO HER WORST. HE UST BRING AMERICA INTO THE WAR.

Laval (left) after the attempt on his life. Those shots at Versailles, have done more to awaken the conscience of the French nation than anything else

REVOLT! — but Not Too Soon

says VICTOR SCHIFF

PAUL COLETTE'S attempt on Laval's life has raised a big problem for the millions of people oppressed by the Nazis.

It is the question whether the time has come yet for individual or collective revolt against the German tyrant and his quislings, and whether premature outbursts would not do more harm than good.

The issue does not only concern the French, Poles, Belgians, Serbs, Czechs, Norwegians, Dutch and Greeks.

It is equally important for those millions of Germans and Austrians who curse Nazism in their hearts.

It is easy for people in Britain to give advice to the men surrounded by the *Gestapo* and who may have to face the firing squad.

Take the case of Paul Colette. This young man of twenty-one was obviously so moved by his own conscience that no appeal to action was necessary and no plea for caution would have prevented him from doing what he regarded as his patriotic duty.

He knew he was sacrificing his own life, that there was for him no chance to escape.

Probably he also realised that the shots he fired at the French traitors would be followed by ferocious reprisals—death for hundreds of other French patriots, prison for thousands of them.

Yet he apparently regarded the killing of the arch-traitor Laval as far more important—and perhaps he was right.

For those shots at Versailles have done more to awaken the conscience of the prostrated French nation, to revive hope in its liberation and to frighten would-be quislings than anything else.

Appeal for Patience

But the Free French leaders in their broadcasts from London, while paying tribute to the young hero, have again besought the people of France to master their impatience.

"The time will come," they say, "when the country will need you, all of you.

"Don't rise too soon, for premature action helps the enemy.

"Individual feats, such as that of the heroic boy who enlisted in Hitler's French Anti-Bolshevik Legion in order to get his opportunity to punish the main traitors, are certainly useful.

"But collective action alone can bring victory.

"And for that the moment will come *only* when the German war machine begins to crack under the hammer-blows of the Allies on the battlefields."

Pretext for Barbarity

This is a wise language. The Free French spokesmen have also quoted the example of the Prague students who demonstrated on October 28, 1939, and who, by this courageous but premature challenge, merely gave the *Gestapo* a pretext for a barbarous reign of terror.

There is still ample opportunity for action harmful to the enemy without providing him with the excuses for repression.

An engineering worker in a French aviation factory, compelled to produce for the invader, may help the Allies very effectively by skilful sabotage which may cause the enemy 'plane to crash.

Not so the lad who cuts a German telephone cable, which can be repaired in two minutes and prompts the Nazis to arrest scores of hostages and to impose outrageously high fines on a whole town!

Dutch and Norwegian girls who refuse to talk to German soldiers or to dance with them, who serve them in shops without looking at them, who humiliate the armed conquerors by their pride and dignity, have already done much to undermine the morale of Hitler's armies.

The case of the German anti-Nazis at home is not essentially different from that of the foreign victims of Hitler tyranny.

In the early months of the war many people here, misled by irresponsible tales, expected the German masses would rise after reading the leaflets dropped by the R.A.F.

Truth is that revolutions seldom occur (and certainly never succeed) in the period of military successes.

The Rule of History

Sir Walter Citrine, General Secretary of the T.U.C., wisely reminded international trade union leaders in London some time ago of the rule of history. He said:

"Let us be fair to our comrades," the German trade unionist workers.

"What can they do in the middle of the most formidable police system which the world has ever known, and while Hitler's armies are still on the upgrade? Their time for rising will come when the Nazis have suffered their first important defeats."

Their time is getting near. The German armies still advance in Russia, but more and more slowly and under such heavy losses that the morale of the soldiers at the front, and the people at home, is being gradually undermined.

Another hard war winter will certainly increase the feeling of war-weariness in Germany and the doubts in Hitler's invincibility.

It will be then that risings—even if they do not succeed on the first attempt—will hasten the collapse of German Nazism and militarism.

Revolts before then would be *against* the interests of Freedom and Justice

THEY "SHOOT" WHILE BEING SHOT AT

GERMAN torpedoes, two of them—fat, sinister engines of death—slid towards the British warship.

The ship lurched and swung in an effort to dodge them.

And a lean man in a civilian suit, perched on a gun turret, calmly trained his camera on them.

He was one of the ace cinematograph camera men who are taking shots of the Royal Navy and R.A.F. in action—and to whom imminent danger of death is but part of a day's work.

* * *

Roy Kellino is one. He spent three months with the Fleet in the North Sea for one picture, has steamed more than 40,000 miles.

You'll see some of his work in the film "Ships with Wings," due for release shortly.

He spent a long time on the *Ark Royal* in connection with this picture.

He used to go to a disused range-finding turret during alarms. From here he took remarkable pictures of bombers diving to the attack, of bombs bursting, of guns retaliating.

He had some thrills in the *Altmark* affair.

He boarded a cruiser one day knowing nothing of his mission. They set course for Norway. Suddenly, the roar of depth charges.

A patch of oil on the waters told of another lost U-boat.

The next day he was awakened by a stentorian voice: "*Cossack* now passing on the port bow."

Then they sighted the *Altmark*. Thrills crowded in on each other. You probably saw them for yourself on the screen.

Kellino obeys orders. He leaves his studios not knowing whether he is going to the sunny Mediterranean or the frozen north.

He went out for what was meant to be a very ordinary trip—and photographed a remarkable battle between a Heinkel and a trawler—in which not a few shots were reserved for his own ship.

Wilkie Cooper, tall, brown-eyed, concentrates on R.A.F. thrills.

Hurtling down between a V. formation of Spitfires at nearly four hundred miles an hour, and taking technically perfect films as you do so, seems pretty near to the impossible.

Wilkie Cooper has accomplished it several times.

* * *

He has to be forced into these fighters with a shoe-horn, anyhow. Sometimes he has to lie on the lap of an R.A.F. man to get his shots.

Sometimes he peers through the escape hatch.

Machines bucket like broncho's. But he knows how to keep his camera still.

● *These are the men who, regardless of danger, carry their cameras into the thick of war and bring back the pictures that make your newsreels*

He has to keep one eye open for the possible appearance of enemy fighters. That would mean a dog fight, a fine action picture. Or it might mean a bale out.

Once he was soaring to take a picture when his machine screamed earthward at four hundred miles an hour.

He was jammed tight against the wall of the plane. The air pressure was crushing. The speed blurred the mind. His camera was torn from his hands and flung in his face.

But he was not seriously injured.

And within forty-eight hours he was up again and taking the shots he had been seeking in that first flight.

* * *

Then there was the time when his plane crash-landed with a jammed undercarriage—always an unpleasant moment. It needs skill to avoid breaking your neck.

But Wilkie had another concern—his precious films. He was really proud of those shots he had just secured.

He nursed them all the way down like a mother nursing her baby. When the machine finished with its tail high in the air they found him clinging desperately to his camera.

Some of his best shots will appear in "Big Blockade," a film of the strangle-hold on Germany, now in production in England.

These ace cameramen have a deep, impenetrable reserve. The film world may thrive on publicity, but they just hate it.

They are quiet men in-ordinary "civvy" suits—men whom you'd think had seen nothing of the war which they are photographing for posterity.

WAR—for PROFITS

OFFICIALDOM is getting more careless than ever. Fortunes are being thrown away.

Big money is paid for war supplies, on Government and Municipal contracts—to people not entitled to it!

Grave facts have come to light, for example, at Barnsley, Yorkshire, where ratepayers have ample grounds for complaining about faulty municipal administration and bad business.

While looking into the Corporation accounts for the year ended in 1940, Mr. E. M. Tuke, the District Auditor, discovered matters that called for deeper probing.

So he has held up publication of the accounts and decided to take a further audit up till March 31 of the present year!

And as the publication will thus be delayed for a considerable time, Mr. Tuke has issued a "preliminary report." It contains such startling information that the Ministry of Health must make sure that similar irregularities are not taking place elsewhere.

Here are some of the main discoveries:

£73,000 appears in the 1940 accounts as having been spent on air raid precautions. The sum approved by the Secretary for State was much lower and, without any preliminary sanction, a large additional expenditure was incurred which will fall upon the ratepayers.

Grants paid to Civil Defence chiefs were not approved by the Ministry.

Illegal Wages

Overtime for Civil Defence had been paid in a measure, which rendered wages not only unreasonable, but even illegal when compared with agreed trade union rates.

Without any proper official valuation, as is necessary under the regulations, premises were taken over and purchased with "undue haste."

It was later found that something like £600 more had been paid than the district valuer finally estimated it to be worth.

After describing the unusual way in which these purchases were carried out, Mr. Tuke asks:

"Why was the District Valuer not consulted before the purchase? Why was the vendor's figure accepted without question? Is this the way a public authority should conduct its business?"

An honorarium and car allowance was

SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS' PAGE

voted to the Chairman of the local War Emergency Committee.

The auditor took exception to this on legal grounds, and the official concerned afterwards expressed his willingness to refund the whole amount. This was accepted.

He assisted, further, a group of unemployed men in the erection of a hut on one of the Council estates which was required for use as a social club.

The bulk of timber and other materials needed was supplied by a local firm, which agreed to forgo its profit in order to help the club, and bricks were brought from a slum clearance site. The unemployed men did the actual work themselves.

Curious Transaction

Later on, the Education Committee needed this hut as a shelter for children who could not get to their homes quickly enough in the event of raid warnings.

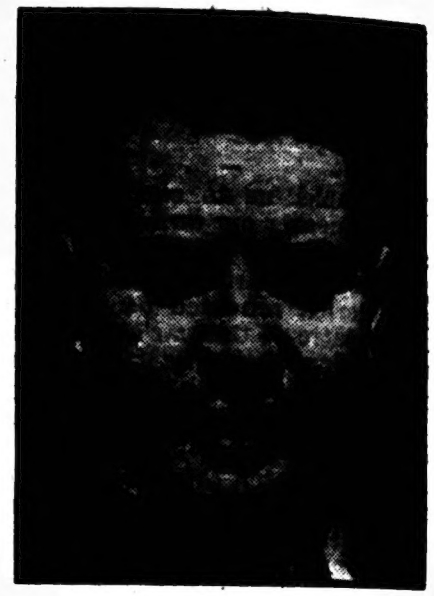
Mr. Tuke gives details of how certain other property came into the possession of the Corporation in a "somewhat roundabout manner," and states that in due course this particular hut was "acquired" by the Education Committee for £287.

Yet no contract, he points out, was entered into by the Corporation giving anybody any rights in the matter!

After outlining his reasons for taking exception to the way in which this transaction was conducted, he reports again that part of the amount involved was later refunded to the Corporation.

This is just one instance of how public money is dealt with in some localities in connection with war work and civil defence.

After a recent inquiry, it was found that a builder named Leonard Batten had defrauded the London Borough of



Mr. J. J. Davidson, M.P., is one of many Parliamentary critics who have raised questions in the House about the scandal of wasted public money

Kensington of between £2,000 and £3,000 while carrying out a war damage repair contract.

Many contractors overcharge for materials and overstate the hours worked by their employees and the wages actually paid to them.

One case reported to me concerns a large factory. Though several girls are clocked on for a particular job, only one girl is often employed, which holds up production and means bigger profits for the employers.

Before me are details of a firm that has a Government contract and that has entered into sub-contracts with smaller firms.

100 per cent. Profit

Goods supplied to it by these latter companies are "re-sold" to itself at something like 100 per cent. increase. All are recharged to the Government at the inflated rate!

I have brought this case to official notice, and no doubt suitable action will follow quickly.

What I cannot understand is how such scandals are able to develop without being immediately discovered by the authorities.

All My Eye and Betty Martin

HOUSEWIVES are being duped by street-market and doorstep swindlers who sell worthless food and other "substitutes" at fancy prices.

A Nottingham reader writes to complain that she recently paid 6d. for a small packet of "starch." It is white hearth powder!

Growing fast is a racket in unknown brands of saccharin. In many, the sweetening value is negligible, and large profits are made.

Purchasers should make it a rule only to buy from traders who run established and reputable businesses.

"BE warned—eyes are precious—M. H. GIL," runs the heading in heavy type over the advertisements of a man described as a "Famous Eye Specialist," of Astwood Road, Worcester.

Just to tell you briefly what I think about him I will borrow his own language and wedge in the word "against." Thus: "Be warned—eyes are precious—AGAINST M. H. GIL," who is just one of the impudent quacks who ought to be driven off the road.

★ ★ ★

IT is really time advertisements of so-called "correspondence clubs" and "pen friendship" agencies should be barred.

A Muswell Hill girl, answering one, was put into touch, for a fee, with a man named Richard Warren, who pretended to be an author with big investments in the film industry.

He is an utter rascal who, posing as a commissioned soldier, too, completely deceived her before disappearing.

★ ★ ★

AND watch out for men in smart overalls, which sometimes have the letters "A.R.P." embroidered upon them with military service ribbons, who arrive at the front door with the curt announcement that they are from the local council.

According to them, the district water supplies are seriously polluted, and they must make immediate test.

After they have disconnected taps and so on, they get the housewife to hold a pail under the outside overflow pipe while they ransack the house!

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

For watching suspicious advertisements and sending particulars along to me for inquiry I have awarded this week's £1 1s. to Mr. R. Fowler, Wulfstan Street, Acton, London, W.12.

Don't be afraid to write about any subject you think calls for inquiry or comment. Mark envelopes "Public Benefactor."

SNOBS' COLD SHOULDERS

INCREASING danger of enemy air attacks during the coming months increases the need for better billeting arrangements for evacuees.

Most people in safety areas have done their share with a good heart in making room for mothers and children from bombed towns. But there are exceptions.

Too many wealthy men and women in rural areas are refusing to take evacuees, and give excuses, not accommodation.

Legally they cannot refuse, but strings are pulled and social influence used so they may avoid their responsibilities.

Houseful—of Servants!

A typical case comes from a village fifty miles from London, where a retired City magnate lives.

His fortune was largely built out of the pennies of poor people; he has a house of twenty-five rooms, but only a small family to occupy it.

Six servants are employed in the house, apart from gardeners and chauffeurs, yet during two years of war not a single evacuee has been billeted there.

The trouble is that the local billeting officer, usually a voluntary worker, is in the same social set as the large house-owner, and friendship may prevent the law being enforced.

Too Many Local Ties

In rural areas there are often too many billeting officers subject to local influence, who are reluctant to insist that, say, a local magistrate, vicar, or a member of the council should take evacuees into their homes.

The remedy might well be for a total stranger to be given the job.

In one town as many as thirteen out of fifteen local councillors have not taken a single evacuee.

Recently, when 400 mothers and children evacuated from a bombed town arrived in a safe area, two-thirds of them were not found billets until the chief billeting officer threatened to take drastic action.

Elsewhere, a rural billeting officer said, "I spent five hours going round this parish trying to get six children billeted, and no one would take them. I am thoroughly ashamed."

I realise the difficulties, but we are a nation at war. Rich and poor alike must share the same responsibilities.

Mr. Banks Flies—from Justice

CRIMINALS working in a topical war time guise are doing well.

If you are a garage proprietor, a hirer of cars, a café owner or shopkeeper, you may get a call from a smartly dressed, soldierly looking swindler who generally calls himself "Mr. C. R. Banks"—though he has plenty of other names.

His favourite pose is that of a highly placed official on the staff of a famous aerodrome, and he is "wanted" all over the country.

Saying he was attached to Southampton Air Port, he rushed into a Central London garage and told the manager his car had broken down and that at any cost he must get to Heston Air Port quickly. Even a van would do.

Fixed up, he stopped the driver at King's Cross and entered the station for a few moments. Then he returned, said he was short of change and, obtaining five half-crowns from the driver, vanished.

Falsely "attaching" himself to other aerodromes and air ports, he has similarly caught numerous other hard-working people, sometimes for much larger sums. And he's a jailbird, too!

Voice of the Troops

WHAT kind of letters do you want? Scores of readers have been asking us that since we made a special appeal for Service letters for inclusion in "Voice of the People."

Well, to show them, we hand over the whole of the feature this week to members of the Fighting Forces.

To begin with, we want letters that take us on a tour of a world at war.

★ ★ ★

WHERE CHRIST TROD

Such a letter fell on Mrs. Mason's mat at Wilton Road, Sparkhill, Birmingham, the other day—from her soldier husband:

Do you remember the Bells of Bethlehem we heard when we sat together that Christmas Day? That day when we were so touched by the late King's speech? I went to see those bells.

I saw, too, the actual place where He was born—the Star of Bethlehem.

In Jerusalem we went to see the Holy Sepulchre, reputed burial-place of Christ. I hated to think of Him among such splendour and wealth. It seems to me to be religion capitalised.

The Garden Tomb was so much more simple—so much more fitting a place for one so gentle and kindly as He. It was there I thought of all of you at home, and said a simple prayer for you.—Corporal P. C. Mason, T/60699, R.A.S.C., M.E.F.

★ ★ ★

LAND OF ODOURS

Another letter took us nearer to Egypt. Here it is, sent to a father in Leven, Fife:

Light your pipe, dad, and tell mum to put the kettle on, and listen.

Two or three of my pals got cleaned up and we chartered a gharry (a sort of horse-drawn cab) and went into town.

We paid off the gharry after the usual argument and told the pestering crowds that we didn't want a guide.

We dived into narrow streets and were attracted by strange smells to the spice market. There was shop after shop, all open, and selling every known spice. Imagine the smell!

We watched with horror little children making bracelets and badges.

Dad, the Arabs lie down on stone slabs to be washed down with boiling water. They can hardly breathe for steam!—Private J. M., R.A.O.C.

★ ★ ★

TEN LITTLE BLACK BOYS

Yes, we want more letters from troops, airmen and sailors on the high seas.

Mrs. Arnold, of Flamstead Road, Dagenham, Essex, has received one from her soldier son. Here it is:

Called at a port I can't mention and watched natives loading the hold of a ship. I was on guard at the time. It was an absolute music-hall.

They all argued as to how it was to be done. They all got in each other's way. And the result was really funny.

They couldn't direct the winch properly. The cable swung all over the place with heavy girders on the end. At length they argued themselves to the pitch at which no work at all was done for an hour.

Then the master-at-arms appeared and chewed them up like the devil. They all rolled their eyes and looked like bad little boys, and the pantomime began all over again.

While we were in convoy, dad, something happened that would have gladdened your old sea-dog's heart.

Our escorting cruiser came up to us with the lads in white crowded on the deck and the band playing the "Lambeth Walk." Our lads provided all the "Oi's."

They played it again and again as we all zig-zagged to beat the U-boats—and we never failed with those "Oi's." It was great fun.

Curious that we have had "By the Gods Beloved" in the bookcase at home ever since I remember, and I have never read it. Now I come out here, read it, and wonder why I didn't open the cover before.—No. 30103, R.A.O.C.

★ ★ ★

BITTER-SWEET

Of course, we are looking out for little human touches, too.

Read the letter received by Mrs. Cruse, of Redlynch, near Salisbury, Wilts, from her brother-in-law in hospital in Libya:

Our ward sister was just going off duty, tired out, when a kiddy from "Brum" with a busted leg hollered out, "Sing your favourite song from 'Bitter-Sweet' before you go, nurse!"

She sang it like a sweet-toned bell. And while she was going across the hospital yard a Jerry swung over the hospital and got a direct hit on the nurses' quarters.

She escaped the fate of two orderlies who had gone to the nurses' section. How pleased we were she did. They're real angels, God bless them! Their only thoughts are of us.—Private, M.E.F.

★ ★ ★

SICK OF EGGS!

And now a brief call on Egypt on our way south.

Mrs. Lilian G. Hempel, of Kensington Court Gardens, London, W.8, gets this welcome letter from her fighter-pilot nephew there:

I think we are going to turn the tables out here, but you don't know how impotent I feel reading of the activity at home.

Every fighter-pilot's ambition, you know, is to become a member of London No. 1 Defence Squadron.

I curse the fact that I got my wings so early. If I hadn't, I might have seen so much more of the war.

We are sick of the sight of eggs. We never get less than two for breakfast, and sometimes four. But I can't understand how this came to be a favourite spot for romantic authors. Although there are far worse places, there are better.—Sergt.-Pilot R. I.

★ ★ ★

BRITISH HOSPITALITY

Mrs. Cashmore, of Queslett Road, Great Barn, Birmingham, has also heard from a soldier son in Egypt:

On our way here we called at a place I can't name, except to say there is no place in England as lovely.

The whole town is lit up with a blaze of lights at night. It seems strange after the black-out at home, but so grand.

There are British people there, and they seem to be making it their war mission to give us lads a good time. We are taken to wonderful homes in five-seater cars, and given wonderful meals and drinks, and gossip our way into the night.

One of the most generous is a fellow from Glasgow. Bands were playing and all the people cheering when we sailed away.

Don't worry, mum. We are all right. Our worry is for you.—Private Cashmore, 1941495, R.E.

★ ★ ★

LITTLE DUTCH LADY

We wonder whether Mrs. Pamela Clement's husband called at the same port—and met the same man from Glasgow? He writes to her at Society Street, Nairn, Scotland:

Putting in at a port for a time, we were allowed ashore.

I had barely arrived when a motorist said: "Hop in," and then, picking up three other soldiers, took us sixteen miles out into glorious country.

One of our host's calls was on a dear little Dutch lady at a grape farm. You would have loved her. She gave us a marvellous tea on the veranda, and we could pick the choicest fruits at will.

The son of the house, a fine chap, carried a revolver. He was in charge of negro convicts lent by the Government for farming purposes for a shilling a day.

I had tears in my eyes when the boat sailed—not because of the farewell, but for the days and days of wonderful hospitality we met everywhere.—Rank, No., etc., omitted from letter.

DANGEROUS FRUITS

Some of the letters received relate entirely to life at sea—such as:

We looked from the ship on to steep hills mantled in shaggy vegetation that swept down to the shore, from which mists rose every morning.

The whole place steamed, and fever was an ever-present danger.

Natives with yellowish feet, shining nails, violent-hued clothes (which included chequered caps, etc.) and a fine brand of particularly crude English slang came out to greet us in bum-boats.

Water swirled in these boats, at the bottom of which lay wild fruits which we were forbidden to eat because of the danger of fever infection.

Sometimes torrential rains swept over the scene. Think of a cloudburst with terrific thunder and lightning added—and you get an idea of normal rainfall in this part of the world!—Private V. J. Parry, 7390417, R.A.M.C.

★ ★ ★

GREAT DAY COMING

We have got one from a German prison camp—and want more. It is addressed to "Mum, Dad and Nora," and "Mum," Mrs. Puzey, of Hessle, East Yorks, insists that the 10s. 6d. payment goes to the Red Cross:

Such great excitement, despite heat and impending thunderstorms. We've been rehearsing for weeks for a great day that is coming. We've built a stage. We've borrowed electric light bulbs and got hold of some curtains.

We've clubbed together our little money and bought drums, cornets, accordeons, trumpets, fiddles and banjos. Just 2,000 marks more and we'll have a piano. Then—what a concert! . . . But I'd rather be home, Mum.—Private William Puzey, Prisoners of War Camp VIIIB., Germany.

★ ★ ★

PLAINS OF PLENTY

And now our "farthest south" letter—unless some of those from unnamed places have been written in more remote places. It is from Pretoria, Transvaal, to Mother (Mrs. Bramfitt, Lancaster Grove, Kirkstall, Leeds, 5), Daddy and Agnes, from an air-observer son.

It says:

On Thursday night we did fire picket. You get great veldt fires out here. All the sparse grass dried by the sun catches fire, and soon rages on a big scale.

But nobody bothers. There is only open moorland to damage, and the fires ultimately burn themselves out.

You may remember the great gold rushes of about 1890. Well, fifty-two years ago there were only a few shacks where Jo'burg now stands. To-day, the population approaches 700,000 white people and 1,000,000 natives.

And all through yellow metal that they found—precious gold.

Now the district abounds in gold, diamonds, silver, chrome, nickel, lime, platinum, oil, coal, lead, tin, salt, and, I think, radium. No wonder Jo'burg is called the "golden city"—and how they entertain us there!—L.A.C. Bramfitt (C.L.), 75 Air School, Lyttleton, Pretoria.

★ ★ ★

Have we given you an idea of what we want? Not a great array of grumblings. Something cheering, something inspiring, something human.

And, of course, something about those British people overseas who long to be with us in our trial by fire.

And something from our sailors, as well as the girls of the uniformed Services, please. We have left them out this week because we haven't received their letters in any number.

★ *Readers' news and views are still invited. Letters from relatives or friends in the Services will be included. 10s. 6d. for each letter published. Address: "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

"JOHN BULL'S" TEN-MINUTE STORY . . . . By WILL SCOTT

Papers were dragged out and flung across the room; text-books and plans. He began to tremble. Nothing at all like a revol—

PLEASE TO REMEMBER

THE absent-mindedness of professors and such is legendary, and although the legend may not be true of many of them it was certainly due of Professor Moss. True twice, and then some.

But Professor Moss did not forget everything. Not quite. And when he saw the dark man get out of the car at the end of the street his memory began to work at double quick time.

Dubble! The sinister Dubble! He glanced again at the dark man. Yes, it must be!

The dark man had not seen the Professor; he was looking first at this house and then at that, puzzled as to which house he wanted. So that the Professor had time to take a chance.

There was one bit of luck: Dubble could ask for a long time without finding out the house where Professor Moss lived.

For the Professor had two rooms only in the house, which locally was known as "Mrs. Moon's." Only Mrs. Moon knew that her boarder was Professor Moss, and she had been paid to leave it at that.

He dodged back into the house, slammed the door, barked an order to Mrs. Moon, below in her kitchen, and ran upstairs.

Dubble on his track! This was ghastly! How in the world, he wondered, had Dubble found out where he was living?

Their only interviews had taken place in a shabby back room off Shaftesbury Avenue, and on neither occasion—the Professor was positive—had he been followed to his lodgings. Then—how?

This meant flight, if he hoped to save himself from a murderer's bullet, for Dubble, when he knew the truth, would have no mercy.

Dubble, when he found that his incomplete clock bomb, so far from having been perfected by the Professor, had been *destroyed* by the Professor (who was sure it was intended to find its way into enemy hands); Dubble would kill first and open the argument afterwards.

You could tell; there was that look in Dubble's eye.

"Glad—glad I destroyed it," babbled the Professor to himself. "Nobody else can perfect it now."

And then a nasty thought came: Why, instead of destroying it, had he not perfected it and passed it over to the Government?

"Dear, oh dear," he wheezed. "My head! I never think of these things in time."

Too late now. Not only was the clock bomb smashed: the pieces, neatly wrapped in a parcel, had been thrown over Westminster Bridge, and were now lost for ever.

But he was wasting time thinking these futile thoughts. He ought to be doing something.

Flight! Yes, but how? To get right away meant money, and he had no money. It was an odd thing, but he never seemed to have any money. . . . Mrs. Moon? Borrow a bit?

But he'd tried that before, and she never seemed to have more than five shillings. He'd need pounds, ten or twenty, to enable him to get right away—the North of Scotland or somewhere. He could not stay here now; he could never continue his work with the menace of Dubble forever over his head.

And he had not ten or twenty pounds. He had not ten or twenty pence. . . .

"Dear, oh dear, what *am* I to do?"

HE went to the window and looked down the street. His enemy was now knocking at the door of the end house. In panic he retreated into the room. If he couldn't get away, what? Fight? What with?

And then he remembered the revolver.

The revolver! Yes! Somebody had given him a revolver. Most useful, too. He'd needed a revolver for years—had meant to buy one, too, when he'd saved up enough money. And somebody had given him . . .

But where had he put it?

"Oh dear!" he sighed. "It was only yesterday, too. Where *did* I put it?"

He sat down and tried to think. If he could remember who had given it him it might help him to remember where he had put it; but he could not remember even that.

He heard a loud rat-tat on a door-knocker down the street, and leapt to some sort of activity.

"Revolver—now where, now where is?. . ."

He dragged out the drawers in a tallboy, throwing everything aside in confusion. There was no sign of a revolver. With beads of sweat on his brow and trickling over the bridge of his nose he attacked a wooden chest in the corner of the room.

PAPERS were dragged out and flung across the room; text-books and plans. He began to tremble. Nothing at all like a revol——

Ah! What was here?

He took out a small parcel, wrapped in brown paper, and sat back on his knees staring at it.

Of course! He could just vaguely remember putting it away in the corner of the chest last night. Yes, of course!

He took the small parcel to the table and feverishly untied it. He tore the brown paper away, opened the cardboard box inside and found himself looking at Dubble's clock bomb!

"Oh! Oh I—— Oh! Well!!!"

He wanted to cry.

"I don't remember putting *that* there. . . ."

And he would have cried, but that another rat-tat down the street galvanised him to action.

The revolver. He must find the revolver before Dubble found him.

He ransacked his desk. He burst open a suitcase without waiting to find a key. He looked everywhere.

But no revolver.

Standing, disconsolate, in the middle of the room, his wandering eyes picked out a floorboard in the corner; a floorboard which didn't look *quite* like the other floorboards. Yes, of course! Now that reminded him of something. Only it didn't. . . .

He'd once had that floorboard up—used the cavity underneath as a hiding-place. . . . Revolver?

"I'd better look," he decided.

He looked. He dropped to his knees, pulled the floorboard away, looked and put in his hand.

And pulled out a large envelope.

He groped again, but there was no revolver. His lips began to shake.

"Where *did* I put——"

And then he noticed the envelope in his hand, tore it open and found the twenty pounds.

"Bless my soul!" he exclaimed. "Now when did I put that there? And what for? I seem to remember—vaguely——"

But he was looking for a revolver. And then suddenly it occurred to him that he needn't.

Twenty pounds! The North of Scotland—or somewhere else. . . . Twenty pounds! He could get away!

He jumped up and put on his hat. A taxi! Get Mrs. Moon to 'phone a taxi at once! Yes, that was it!

He glanced out of the window. Dubble was still several doors away. With luck he could manage it. He dashed out to the landing and ran downstairs to call Mrs. Moon. And met Mrs. Moon coming up.

"Your taxi's here," said Mrs. Moon.

"My taxi?" gasped the Professor.

"You asked me to get you a taxi when you came in just now," said Mrs. Moon.

"I did? Did I? I don't remember. I suppose I did. Dear, oh dear! My head. Yes, all right. Thank you."

He ran down to the hall and opened the front door. The taxi was at the kerb. Dubble was three doors away. The Professor ran for it. Ran for it and was seen by the amazed Dubble who began to run for him.

"Where to, sir?" asked the taxi-driver.

"Anywhere!" gasped the Professor. "But at once!"

As the taxi started the Professor looked out of the back window and saw Dubble climbing into his own car. A chase! Dear, oh dear!

Other nasty thoughts came and went in the Professor's muddled mind.

"I ought to have given that clock bomb to the Government. Most foolish of me not to have done that."

"But I *can*, since I haven't thrown it into the Thames! Why didn't I think of that before?"

"And since I haven't destroyed the clock bomb—*why am I running away from Dubble?*"

That was a very nasty thought, for it made him feel such a fool. But another nasty thought soon took its place:

"If I didn't throw the clock bomb into the Thames, what *did* I throw into the Thames? There's nothing I could have thrown——. Ah! *The revolver!* Dear, oh dear, yes! The revolver! Dear, oh dear!"

He heard brakes grind, and looking up saw Dubble's little car swerve in front of his taxi. The taxi stopped; the little car stopped; Dubble got out and came back. And the taxi-driver swore.

"Wot's all this 'ere?" he wanted to know. "Films?"

DUBBLE was opening the taxi door, and Professor Moss was beginning to think out an explanation. And then Dubble was talking.

"A nice state of affairs, Professor, running away! I suppose you are Professor Moss? You gave the street but no number. I had to make inquiries."

"Listen, Mr. Dubble——" the Professor babbled.

"Dubble?" The other man seemed amazed. "My name's Wix."

"Wix? Ah, I *thought* I remembered your face," said the Professor. "Wix? Wix?"

"Wix and Wicks, Panton Street. You bought a revolver from us yesterday morning, and went out without paying whilst I was talking to another customer."

The Professor gaped.

"I did? I don't remember. *I* did? Dear, oh dear! My memory! Did I really? I'm most terribly sorry, Mr. Rackstraw. Let me pay you now. Yes, I insist. I—oh!—H'm! Dear, oh dear! Where *did* I put that twenty pounds?"

● "What is the form of Government in force on Internment Isle?" That is one of the queries recently addressed to us. Here is the answer:

The House of Keys is the representative branch of the Legislature, or *Tynwald*, of the Isle of Man, which consists of two branches—viz., the Governor and Council, and this House. Since 1866, the twenty-four members of the House of Keys have been popularly elected every seven years; previous to that date the House was self-elected.

The council consists of the governor, the bishop, the attorney-general, two deemsters (or judges), the clerk of the rolls, the water bailiff, the archdeacon, and the vicar-general.

If you require information on any matter, take the obvious course and write to the JOHN BULL Free Advice Service, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. A stamped, addressed envelope is all you need send with your inquiry.

Spendthrifts—and Misers

Which is worse — extravagance or miserliness? They will both rob people of happiness if carried to extremes. There must be give—and take

says HUMANIST

At least half the troubles of married life are concerned with money. Two spendthrifts have small excuse for quarrelling. Two careful lovers can always agree.

But when one is inclined to be over-careful and the other careless the troubles inevitably begin.

One married woman writes to me about her mother:

I know my mother had little chance to save in the past, but now the family have grown up and earning big wages I think she ought to do so.

I met her yesterday and saw her shopping basket. She had bought cherries at 1s. a pound, gooseberries at 4s., mushrooms at 6s., and other expensive things she could have gone without.

She told me she had got through £3 10s. that morning!

She is sixty-three and father is older. He still works, though his health is poor. I asked if she never thought of the time when he will have to retire. She replied that the authorities will compel the children to keep them.

But the seven children who are married have twenty-eight children of their own to keep.

My mother is getting through something like £12 a week without trying to save a farthing.

Ought we to give up saving and give our own children more luxuries or save all to keep our spendthrift mother?

The most sensible thing for the mother to do would be to buy all the Savings Certificates she can.

It seems wrong that a woman should squander money and then demand help when it is all gone.

It is wrong, but I cannot help feeling a sneaking sympathy.

A woman who has reared a very large family must have had to scrape all her life. The chance to spend lavishly is a new experience and has gone to her head.

But the children cannot control her spending by force. They can only appeal to her common-sense.

Now for a very different story:

My eighteen years of married life have been one long struggle. My husband earned £4 15s. a week. He put £3 in the bank and gave me £1 5s. for housekeeping.

That was all right for a while, but we never got any pleasures that cost anything. We never invited anybody home for a meal and never visited.

By the time two children were born my husband had bought two houses.

The craze for saving grew stronger on him. He never remembered birthdays, Christmas, or holidays. If I bought a toy for a child there would be a quarrel about my extravagance.

My husband lost his job and was unemployed for over three years. I took a large house and filled it with boarders.

I had to work terribly hard, but I was able to save money for the children.

Then I found out that he had inherited money several years before. He had never told me about it and it made me hate him. From that time I worked all the harder with the idea of leaving him for good.

Deliverance came sooner than I had anticipated. The house was bombed and my husband went to live with his mother while I went with the children to mine.

Now I feel I am beginning to live! I have a lovely home and the best friends I ever met. We are all so happy together.

My husband has sent no money and I have 17s. a week from public assistance for loss of a living.

But my husband has just written to say that the house has been repaired and we are to return. He has a job and will allow me 3?s. a week. Should I go back to the man I hate?

If she is able to earn a living, there is no method of forcing her back.

Everyone has a right to happiness.

THE next letter is typical of scores that reach me every week.

I am afraid my husband is a very selfish young man. He can't give-and-take as I try to do. He takes all every time.

He wouldn't dream of bringing me home a little present of a few sweets or making me a cup of tea as a treat.

I like to buy little gifts to make him look happy. He does not think that way about me.

He says he loves me deeply. He does not drink much; he never goes to dances; he is a money-saver.

I am not a frivolous young woman, but I do appreciate an occasional evening at the pictures and a trip to town now and then. If I go with my mother or my sister the house-top nearly blows off.

Before I married I used to enjoy dancing, but I gave it up to please him. I am getting tired of giving in to him all the time.

She had bought mushrooms at six shillings a pound and other expensive things she could have gone without. She told me she had got through £3 10s. that morning

When I do something against his wishes he sulks for hours, and I simply can't go on like this. It is one continual self-denial.

The man wants to save; his wife wants to "splash" a bit. No doubt the husband would receive the approbation of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, but he ought to read the previous letter as a warning about going too far.

If the wife feels she is not getting a square deal she can either create a tremendous scene or discuss the subject in a quiet, reasonable way. The second method is generally the better.

THIS TIME

LIKE it or not, the hour has struck when the peoples of the earth intend to live as equals in the things of human worth, for they've fought this War with everything they've got and then some more, and they've fought it with the spirit that means to crush out War.

LIKE it or not, the hour has struck when bare facts must be faced. Gone is the time when many starve so the few can be well placed. Gone is the time when Despots will their fellow beings hurl into a Hell of Slaughter where Death's black waters swirl.

LIKE it or not, the Peace will hold some very awesome things, for the people are really going to learn what civilisation means. They've lost their homes and all the things so dear to Humankind, and THIS TIME THEY MEAN TO MAKE QUITE SURE THAT GOD'S SORT OF WORLD THEY'LL FIND.

J. M.

THESE HOUSEWIVES HELPED THEMSELVES

WHILE the Minister of Food works out plans to stop the food rackets, groups of London housewives have fought their own battles and won triumphantly.

They formed themselves into little local clubs. Some of them started in the shelters last winter, some in large blocks of flats; sometimes by the heads of families living in one street or a group of streets.

All of these housewives' clubs want to see fair distribution of food, to stop queues, prevent high prices, to see that the children get what they need.

Picketed the Shops

One of the first to get going was a club in Stepney. A number of shops in one area were charging higher than the fixed prices for eggs, meat, and poultry.

A group of indignant women wrote a letter to the offending shopkeepers. It pointed out that the prices charged were higher than the fixed prices, and that such conduct was against the best interests of the nation.

Counter attack by the shopkeepers was to refuse to sell to the women who signed the letter.

They could not refuse to sell the rationed goods, but at that time neither eggs nor poultry were rationed, though the prices of both had been fixed.

The women then gave interviews to the local newspaper, which gave quite a lot of publicity to the affair.

They also organised pickets for the shops concerned. These pickets warned women as they entered to do their shopping that the prices of the three commodities concerned were fixed and that what the shopkeepers were asking was illegal.

★ *Every housewife knows all about the problem of getting food. But what many don't realise is that by banding themselves together they can get results that individual action will never achieve*

The picketing went on for several days, the women making the stand collective, and after about a week the shopkeepers climbed down, reduced their prices and have never tried the same dodge again.

In Tooting market, members of a local housewives' club made a concerted attack on a certain greengrocer. They knew he had some oranges.

So a group of them arranged to go together to get some. When the first one asked for some oranges, she was refused, though he had a case of them which could be seen.

The greengrocer offered no explanation, and the women suspected either that he was saving them for favoured customers or would sell them to someone willing to pay more than the controlled price.

The Cupboard was Bare

They started to protest, and after a disagreeable ten minutes the shopkeeper disappeared to find a policeman. When he and the constable returned they found the case of oranges empty and the correct money for what the women had taken!

At Hendon it was a different story. In the back of a shop were supplies of tinned goods and dried fruits, which could be clearly seen.

When the women asked for some they were refused, yet they could hear those same articles promised to people who telephoned their orders.

So a deputation called on the shopkeeper, stated their case, and threatened to go to the Food Controller. This man was wiser than the others had been.

He satisfied them at once, and since then they have had a reasonable share of whatever was going.

In Glasgow, a deputation of seven women from seven housewives' clubs called on the Regional Food Controller, Col. Scott. They complained that, while tomatoes were plentiful in Lanarkshire, in Glasgow women had to queue up for long periods to get even half a pound.

Priority for Children

They also asked for priority for schoolchildren in the distribution of fresh fruit, sweets and chocolate.

He promised the children should have priority where sweets were concerned, and said he would do his best about the tomatoes.

Bedford had a different problem. The women were afraid the schoolchildren would not get supplies of milk.

The trouble was that the dairymen could only supply the milk in bulk, not in the small bottles they had always delivered. The teachers, on the other hand, said there was no time for them to serve out the milk if it arrived in bulk.

So a deputation of the mothers went to call on the headmaster. Finally a scheme of voluntary help was drawn up and the difficulty overcome.

If you want to help yourselves, get together!

THE MIGHTY RATION

Confidence and courage come quickly when Nerves and Stomach are brought to "War Strength." Get rid of the "enemy in our midst"—Nervous Dyspepsia—by taking Yestamin Vitamin Yeast Tablets. Take them at any time—but especially at mealtimes, because their action on other foods makes them literally put new life into you. Yestamin is *entirely free from drugs*, yet it imparts a Mighty Ration of energy and strength, and any invalid or child can safely enjoy its remarkable tonic powers.

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Why not HOLIDAY HEALTH The Year Round

How grand to enjoy "holiday health" all the year! How fine to look well and feel well in the strenuous world of workaday! You can get this all-the-year fitness for yourself if you take Bile Beans regularly.

Bile Beans create "inner health" while you sleep. They regulate the system and gently eliminate all food-wastes and other impurities. They improve the figure, clear your skin, and make you fit and vital.

BILE BEANS

KEEP YOU FIT AND VITAL

THE LAST LAUGH

PRUDENCE (Wimbledon).—"My mother always used to say that when a man smiled at me I should close my eyes. But I don't do that now." You just close one eye, we suppose.

Mrs. F. (Buxton).—"When I cook, I just study a book." And not your husband?

A. Y. (Farnborough).—"After all, what must we really do to beat Germany?" Win.

S. C. (Bristol).—"I can shake off most of my little ailments quite easily." What about a thick head in the morning?

D. B. (Morden).—"Turn to the magazines of ten years ago and what do we see?" Sooner or later, the nurse popping her head round the surgery door to say that the dentist is ready.

F. L. (Luton).—"Despite an outward solemnity, I allow nothing to damp my spirits." You prefer them neat.

D. B. (Caterham).—"It is announced in a German paper that a Nazi soldier in Denmark was punished for stealing a goose." No notice was taken of his explanation that he merely wanted to study the bird's gait in order to perfect his infantry training.

ORNITHOLOGIST (Kent).—"A starlings' nest was found in the clock of a parish church." Apparently the birds' idea was to be sure of rising early enough to get the local worms.

D. N. (Salford).—"Whispering among N.C.O.s and men in the German army is now a punishable offence." This sort of thing doesn't happen in the British Army. In fact, we doubt if British N.C.O.s *can* whisper.

R. T. (Hammersmith).—"Do you think you would care for an article like the one I have enclosed?" Yes, if it wasn't too much like it.

G. L. (Stockport).—"I have two very good reasons why my employer should raise my salary." Twins?

L. O. (Chipstead).—"My girl has turned me down once, and I can't decide whether it is final." Did your wife accept you the first time you proposed? No, we have only ourselves to blame.

C. F. (Tottenham).—"What is a man to do when he sees his young son earning five, six and seven pounds a week?" Try to borrow some of it.

S. K. (Luton).—"A parrot in a London tobacconist's shop speaks to each customer on his arrival." After the war the bird will have to learn another form of greeting to take the place of "No cigarettes!"

R. L. (Rye).—"A neutral journalist says that when Hitler is in Berlin he will not receive any visitors and frequently leaves the city for an unknown destination." This is understandable. The R.A.F. and Soviet Air Force call at such awkward hours.

OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"Good idea, ain't it, mate? Safer, too, these days. They blacks theirselves out around 'ere, as well as the winders"

G. H. (Penzance).—"If a British soldier has a narrow shave, he tells you nothing about it." But if he has no shave at all, his officer tells *him* about it.

P. N. (Highgate).—"If a doctor gets on the right side of a patient, he can get anything out of him." Well, that's where his appendix is.

Mrs. M. (Birmingham).—"I should like to marry again, but there is one little thing that stands in the way." Can't you divorce him?

L. M. (Chichester).—"The action of the short story I have sent you takes place in the dull and foggy month of November." You have captured the atmosphere very well.

H. E. (Doncaster).—"There were about 20 girls at the hotel where I stayed on holiday, and I never flirted with one of them." Which one?

SANDY (Edinburgh).—"I can go out and drink two or three bottles of champagne, but afterwards I always know where I am." But does the waiter?

B. M. (Salford).—"Hitler is considering making another speech, as at present he realises that he is unable to lead his people to victory." But he can still lead them up the garden.

F. G. (Newbury).—"When I was betting on a large scale I often found myself without a shirt to my back if certain coups went astray." If your coupons go astray you may be in the same plight now.

Side-Slips

EASTERN EVENING NEWS:—"One enemy aircraft exploded in the air on receiving a direct HINT."

GLASGOW EVENING NEWS:—"It takes more than a day to examine this GLOATING fortress."

When you leave your work does it leave you?

TAKE YOUR ENGINE OFF YOUR NERVES WITH

Koray

BRAND TABLETS

When you've stopped driving, do the wheels still go round in your head? When your hands are no longer steering, do your feet still go up and down on pedals that aren't there? Take KORAY and take your work off your nerves. KORAY means restful sleep, renewed energy, freedom from aches. At once, this amazing pink tablet brings glorious peace to jangled, overstrained nerves. And it simply smashes pain of all kinds. Get KORAY to-day, and keep on top.

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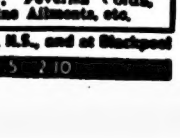

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Nip Kiddies' Colds in the Bud

Home Made Cough Medicine Every Mother Ought to Keep

The secret of stopping children's colds getting serious is a dose at the first cough or sneeze. Here is a very simple but highly effective medicine every mother ought to keep always handy.

Directions: Heat half a pint of water to which you add one ounce of Parmint (Double Strength) which is made up from ten of the most healing and soothing ingredients. You may sweeten the mixture to your own taste with any one of the following: a little sugar, or syrup, or juice from jam or tinned fruit. The children simply love this mixture. Take one tablespoonful four times per day; for children use a teaspoon. The 1 oz. of Parmint (Double Strength) is obtainable at any good chemist. Cut out this recipe so as not to forget the ingredients and dosage.

AT LAST! FALSE TEETH KEPT FIRM

A new method that gives all-day security & comfort

Just squeeze a little 'Dentesive' on to your plates and for the rest of the day you can talk, laugh and even *sneeze* with an easy mind.

'Dentesive' seals the edges of your plates too, so that you can enjoy any foods you may fancy without particles getting underneath. At the same time 'Dentesive' forms a comfort cushion that prevents sore gums. Tasteless, odourless, harmless. Recommended by over 4,000 Dentists. Prices 7½d. and 1/3d. at chemists, or if any difficulty from Dentesive Ltd., 10-15, Chitty Street, London, W.1.

GREATEST OF THESE

● Badly injured while on duty in the A.F.S., Mr. Brodsky, a North London man, has now been invalided out of the Service without compensation.

His wife and two children are evacuated to Yorkshire.

Last winter, owing to prolonged illness, his rent fell into arrears. But he paid full rent and two shillings weekly off arrears from last June until a few weeks ago.

Now, although arrears are less than £5, he has been served with Notice to Quit, hence his appeal to us for assistance.

May we ask our readers to help this man in his trouble by sending donations earmarked "A.F.S.," or for our General Fund, addressed to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given.

There are no deductions for administration expenses.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

We are grateful to those who send donations anonymously.

Result of "BULLETS" 1,288

FIRST PRIZE £50.

A. Spink, 34, Cornwall Road, Bradford.
Example: SHOT IN THE BACK
Bullet: FRANCE—AND THEN "BLIND-FOLDED."

£20: B. Schofield, 71, Irwin Rd., Sutton, St. Helens, Lancs.
Example: To Heavy Hollow
Bullet: Impossible? No Harm Trying!

£10: D. M. Archibald, 11, Abbotsford St., Falkirk.
Example: Ghost Whistles
Bullet: Rockets, "On Your Toes"!

£5: S. Hatton, 94, Bloemfontein Rd., Northwick, Rose Against Time—Win—Or "Clock Back"!

£4: Gunner R. H. Bruce, R.A., c/o 119, Harlington Rd., Hillingdon, Middx.
The World Is Sick, But—We've "Medicine"—And "Him."

£3: P. J. Pengelly, 80, Hill Top Avenue, Cheadle Hulme.
In The Red Gang—Only *Iron* "Cure" Accomplished.

£2: Mrs. W. Pugh, 173, Brodie Ave., Liverpool.
Shot In The Back—Wifey's—Then Comes "Sandshot."

20s.: A. Schofield, 2, Wootton Drive, Gorton Estate, Manchester.
In The Red Gang—Demoted—Murdered!

20s.: G. Huntley, Ashfield Gardens Pavilion, Paignton.
Harvest Of War—Gassy Tommies, Pal's Tooth!

20s.: F. Wakefield, 51, Brisbane Cres., Ruislip.
Rose Against Time—Ribbon Wins—Rose Doesn't!

17s.: G. Boyle, 223, Bearsden Rd., Temple, Glasgow.
Way She Works—Without Rose, Pumice Rod!

16s.: Miss E. Potter, 4, Balgowan Park, Cavendish, Angus.
Her Heart Was Broken, But—Couldn't Even Bend Coke!

A list of 3 Winners of 18s., 20 Winners of 2s. and 60 Winners of 1s. 6d. can be seen at these offices. The 1,000 Merit Awards have also been posted.

4 BIG CHEQUES

WON IN X-WORDS No. 240

WINNING WORDS.—1. Rue. 2. Read. 3. Ram. 4. Ida. 5. Ill. 6. Gulp. 7. Gabs or Labs. 8. Fee. 9. Dint. 10. Rind. 11. Rider or Broiler. 12. Bulk. 13. Gaudy. 14. Dust.

£50 SHARERS.—Mrs. A. E. Atkins, Red Comb Fan Farm, Hermitage, Newbury; H. Brown, 39, Pendery Rise, Oxford, S.E.5; W. Dandey, 97, Upton Street, Perth, Rhondda; J. Johnson, Maryport, Ballantrae, Lerwick.

Runners-up Awards value £25 shared between 19 entrants.

THIS WEEK'S OFFERS, WITH PRIZES VALUED OVER £250, AWAIT YOU ON CROSSWORD PAGE

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WAR IN PICTURES

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ARE YOU A WOMAN WHO CAN'T TAKE HARSHLY LAXATIVES?

Some women find ordinary laxatives awkward. Yet they know that at times they would be much better for one.

There's one laxative that is specially suitable for women's needs—Kemsold. Kemsold is the ideal laxative for women, because it has a double purpose. First it clears away all impurities and poisons, gently and easily, without any griping or painful effect. Second, it tones up and restores the normal function of the liver.

It's amazing how well you feel after taking this wonderful medicine. Just one small Kemsold tablet at night and you feel positively grand in the morning.

Besides, Kemsold is easy and pleasant to take: just a little sugar-coated pill that tastes like a sweet. Your own chemist sells Kemsold tablets.

Only 1/3d. a box, or large family size 3/3d. Get some before you forget.

BACKACHE

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PAINFUL JOINTS | AND LUMBAGO

Stimulate Lazy Kidneys

IF more people were aware that poisonous wastes which would injure health must constantly be filtered out of the blood by the kidneys, there would be better understanding of why the whole body suffers when Kidneys action lags. Doans Backache Kidney Pills would be taken before the trouble grew worse.

Burning, scanty or too frequent urination may be a warning of disturbed kidney function. You may suffer nagging backache, rheumatic pains, persistent headache, attacks of giddiness, getting up at nights, swellings, puffiness under the eyes.

Use Doans Pills. You can rely on a medicine that has won world-wide recommendation.

Ask for DOANS, 1/5, 3/5, 5/8 (Purchase Tax)

Here's an amazing tonic and food combination—a boon for the Tired, Weak, Depressed, and Worried. It gives you a perfectly balanced, daily ration of essential Minerals and Vitamins—substances so vital to health and strength—so vital allowed to you by much EGGS as 120 lbs. of CHICKEN, as much CALCIUM as 150 lbs. of CHARDEN, as much PHOSPHORUS as 37 lbs. of MEAT, as much VITAMIN B as 7 lbs. of MILK. Vitaly brand Tablets are made from a newly-discovered concentrate and contain 9 essential Mineral Salts, Yeast Iodine and Vitamin B—they give you extra nutriment and refreshment.

Start taking Vitaly today. No waiting for results. You begin to build up as soon as it gets into your system. Nerves calm. You feel stronger—more alert—vigorous. You glow with new-found health and energy. You double life more.

FREE!

Send this coupon or a postcard to-day for a free booklet, entitled "I will tell you Secret" "How to Gain New Health, Energy and Strength." Write to Health Products Laboratories, Ltd., Dept. J.B.24, 122/124, Baker Street, London, W.1.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

£200 £50 £20 £5 £2

6 BULLETS

USE any of these "EXAMPLES"

TO make a Bullet simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples*

STEP TOWARDS VICTORY
HIS GAMBLE FAILED AND
TO HELP THE FORCES
ORGANISATION
WHEN THE BOYS COME HOME
NEXT WINTER
SOONER OR LATER
SNAKE IN THE GRASS
CONSIDERING
LIKE A HOUSE ON FIRE
ECONOMY'S ESSENTIAL, BUT

BULLETS I, 2 AND REPLY on page 14

THE BRASSHATS
THROUGH THE CLOUDS
SUCCESS OR FAILURE
LIKE A NIGHTMARE
SHABBY TRICK
OPENED HER EYES
ON THE SPOT
MORE IMPORTANT
MAN TO BEWARE OF

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any odd comment most of your choice in the points indicated by dotted line.

WHERE HITLER .....
OUGHT TO BE .....
DISGRACE TO THE .....
SHOW'S HE'S GETTING .....
IF AUNTIE .....
NEWS FROM .....

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

Plain paper entry equally eligible.

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets on this coupon.

P.O. Value..... No.....

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

1,292 Closing Postmark MON., SEPT. 29.

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY With "Bullets" you may enclose Xword—one entry-fee covers both entries.

RULES 1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Rounds First Prize will go to competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided, but in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie or ties. Awards value £25 between Runners-up. Not more than one Xword Prize per contest allowed to any one entrant. Complete Xword in ink, not pencil. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xword shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—Postal Order or Stamps must be enclosed for entry-fee at rate of 6d. per two Bullets or 6d. per two Xword columns sent. Two Xword columns FREE with each six paid. P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, crossed & Co., write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are only accepted on the conditions that results of this week's Contests, to appear in "John Bull" dated October 18, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

£125 FOR THIS XWORD ONE WEEK ONLY!

£100 1ST PRIZE RUNNERS-UP PRIZES VALUE £25

For result of Xword No. 240, see page 14; to win in this week's Competition, study clues carefully and enter on coupon below.

TRY John Bull's 10 MINUTE XWORD No. 244

	CLUES Answer every clue by entering letter in entry column.	5P Entry-fee for 1Gol.									
1	It's not uncommon for a stolen article to be this	T	R	A		E	D				
2	Finding enemy's should be of some assistance to opposing commander					A	P				
3	Motorist may embarrassedly have to fill back upon this to get him out of trouble	S	P	A		E					
4	Seems to change with the changing seasons	M	O	O							
5	Once a mine starts to do this, he's very apt to continue					A	W	N			
6	It's better that one suspects one as they approach for shouldn't be overrewarded		T	R		C	K				
7	Tramp will tread carefully when there's this in his path					O	G				
8	Is pursued with great persistence by cunning shark	F	O	O							
9	Fence often causes a man to do this					U	E				
10	Most people quickly adjust themselves to reduction in	M	E	A		S					
11	At night it may be sentry's duty to do this if he suspects approaching stranger	S	H	O		T					
12	Average small shopkeeper doesn't have this sum to his					I	L	L			
13	You may well be given quite a nasty one from suddenly bumping into copper					U	R	N			
14	This will be more painful if horse isn't rested from heavy work	C	U	R							

FREE ENTRIES Send in entries at rate of 6d. for each 2 columns submitted. 2 columns FREE with each 6 paid. Extra entries on plain paper equally eligible—same rate of entry-fee.

Closing Postmark MON., SEPT. 29.

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee.

P.O. value .....

No. .....

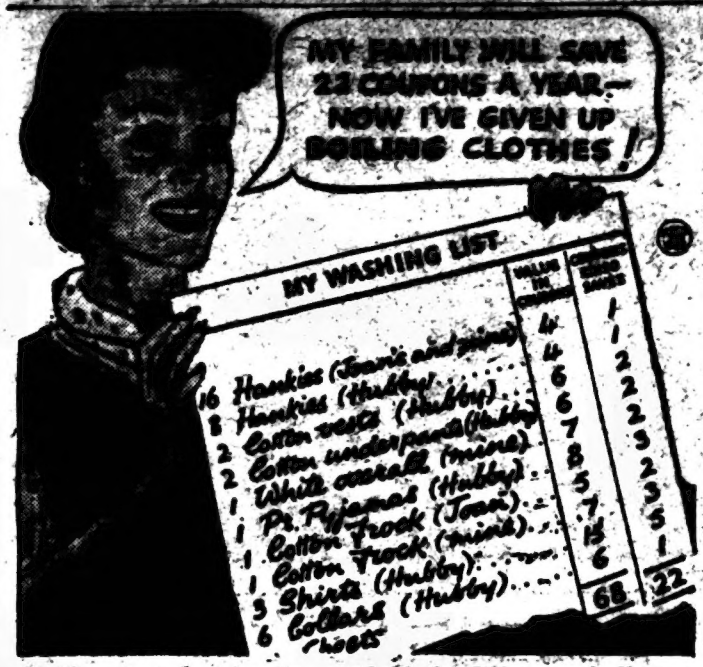
Signed .....

Address .....

.....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS YOUR ENTRY "Bullets" No. 1,292—or Xword No. 244, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. (Comp.)


MY FAMILY WILL SAVE 22 COUPONS A YEAR— NOW I'VE GIVEN UP BOILING CLOTHES!
MY WASHING LIST
16 Hankies (Joan's and mine)
8 Hankies (Hubby)
2 Cotton vests (Hubby)
2 Cotton underpants (Hubby)
1 White overall (mine)
1 Pr. Pyjamas (Hubby)
1 Cotton frock (Joan)
1 Cotton frock (mine)
3 Shirts (Hubby)
6 Collars (Hubby)
68
22

Clothes last ⅓rd longer washed the Rinso no-boil way

WHEN clothes rationing came in this housewife wrote to the Rinso War-Time Advice Department enclosing her washing list and said, "How much longer would my clothes last if I washed them by the method you advertise?"

Back came the reply. "Your husband's shirts and underwear will last 16 months instead of 12. Your cotton frocks will last for as much as 3 seasons instead of 2. Hankies will give 3 months' more service, collars 2 months' more."

The housewife was delighted! She worked out it would save her family 22 coupons in the year!

Now instead of boiling her clothes she soaks them clean. She leaves them for 12 minutes in rich Rinso suds made with hot-tap water. She smooths a little dry Rinso—like a paste—on the grubbiest parts. She doesn't have to do any hard rubbing, but it gets her clothes dazzling!

She saves 1½ hours' time, too, and doesn't have to burn any fuel specially for washing. So she saves money.

Your clothes will last ⅓rd longer washed the Rinso way. And you'll save lots of precious coupons over the year.

RINSO SOAKS CLOTHES CLEAN

R 3097-760-65 — *R. S. Hudnut Limited*

MEN OF *COOL* COURAGE . . .

FIND BONDMAN THE COOLEST SMOKE OF ALL

Duty demands constant coolness; there's little time to relax, and moments of ease must give contentment. So *cool* Bondman's the choice for pipe satisfaction. Try it! enjoy its fresh fragrance.

LLOYDS'

Bondman TOBACCO

RICH DARK VIRGINIA 1/7 per oz.
EMPIRE BLEND . . . . 1/5½ per oz.

IN 1 OZ. VACUUM TINS

Richard Lloyd & Sons (British) of Cope Bros. & Co. Ltd.), Bondman Corner, Clerkenwell Rd., E.C.1

Healthy dogs make good companions

Despite wartime handicaps, your dog will always be healthy and happy if you give him his regular Bob Martin's. Just 'one a day' will keep him always fit, friendly, companionable.

BOB MARTIN'S
CONDITION POWDERS
keep dogs fit

You May Use this Letter in Any Way You Wish as

I FEEL THE WIDEST PUBLICITY POSSIBLE

Should Be Given To YEAST-VITE

TONIC TABLETS

I FEEL A NEW MAN

Bournemouth,
August 10th, 1941.

Dear Sirs,—I am writing to you in appreciation of your wonderful Yeast-Vite tablets. For months I suffered from acute indigestion. I was under treatment for a considerable time, but nothing gave me any relief.

I was then given a bottle of your tablets to try, and before I had finished it I obtained wonderful relief. Now I consider myself cured, as I can eat anything, whereas before eating was a misery.

I am still continuing with them, and shall certainly do recommended [illegible] my friends, as they all remark how well I look now to what I did. I must say I feel a new man.

You may use this letter in any way you wish, as I feel the widest publicity possible should be given to such a wonderful product as Yeast-Vite tablets.

Wishing you every success,
Yours gratefully,
(Sgd.) S. H.

Accept This Offer!

If you suffer from Headaches, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Nervous Affection, Sleeplessness, Constipation, simply [illegible] bottle of Yeast-Vite at once. If you don't feel better [illegible], return the empty carton to Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Dartford, within one month of purchase, and your money will be refunded at once and in full without quibble or question. YEAST-VITE tonic tablets. Sold Everywhere.

TO STOP LUMBAGO QUICKLY

you need Phensic

Without warning comes that agonising 'crick' in your back. This time—*get rid of the pain quickly.* Take 2 tablets of Phensic with a little water. You will cut short the attack and the stinging, torturing jabs will die away. You can get Phensic at all chemists.

3½d., 6½d., 1/4d., 3/3d., and 5/4d.
(including Purchase Tax)

Phensic

Pronounced 'FEN-ZIK'

Playing marbles with a diamond

In [illegible] South Africa noticed a native [illegible] pebbles, one of which [illegible]. He had the stone [illegible] to be a 22 carat [illegible] at the Paris [illegible] romantic story [illegible] South Africa. [illegible] South Africa is [illegible] carats.

[illegible] to ask your [illegible] for—

[illegible]PED
[illegible]DOUBLE WEAR
[illegible], Bolton, Lancs.

SAFETY FIRST

The unrivalled [illegible] action of Cuticura [illegible] Ointment is your [illegible] possible safeguard [illegible] against septic poisoning [illegible] cuts and all skin abrasions. [illegible] Balm, charged already, [illegible] lumbago and [illegible] all swiftly yield [illegible] distilled healing power. [illegible]

Cuticura OINTMENT

[illegible]BUSES
[illegible]NDERNESS
[illegible] FEET

[illegible] rooms or cab- [illegible] dangerous. Feet are [illegible]. Avoid danger [illegible] Scholl Zino-Pads. [illegible] seconds, these [illegible] feels relieve [illegible] by stopping [illegible] the painful spot. [illegible] Medicated Disks in- [illegible] every pocket, quickly [illegible] easy removal corns [illegible]

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